The Nation.

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The Week.

In the West, Mr. Bryan was at pains to prove that he was Mr. Roosevelt's sole heir. In the East, he is now arguing that the inheritance is not worth having. "What has the President done?" was the note to which Mr. Bryan tuned his Buffalo speech of Monday. Has he imprisoned a "Trust magnate"? Has he "disturbed the Steel Trust"? Has he "done anything to punish the Standard Oil"? Can he, in short, "escape his own record"? Mr. Bryan apparently foresees the answer and the inference. If *he* is sent to the White House, "Trust magnates" will languish in chains, and no Trusts as yet "undisturbed" will be allowed to rest in fancied security. How will he do this with a necessarily hostile Senate? First, by that simple and easy plan of prohibiting corporations from controlling more than 50 per cent. of the country's output; second, by showing triumphantly, to the Republican Senate, that "'Shall the people rule?' is declared by our platform to be the overshadowing issue in this campaign." No Senate, he argues, would dare to defeat a measure that was so urged. This strikes us as mere buncombe, and the only really significant thing about it is Bryan's plain declaration of his own intended rôle as the arch-agitator. President Roosevelt, it seems, has done nothing at all; and to the best of his ability Mr. Bryan undermines ex-Secretary Olney's argument that, whatever happens, the Republican Senate will stand in the way of Bryan's schemes.

Richard Olney's statement on the issues of the campaign, in the New York *World* of September 17, is largely an argument that the reckless and radical policies of the Republican party call for rebuke, and for the transfer of power to the Democrats. On this proposition, taken alone, we hardly need say that Mr. Olney's reasoning is strong. But when he affirms that the defeat of Mr. Taft and the election of Mr. Bryan would "do much toward bringing to their senses the ultra-radical elements of both parties," we wholly fail to follow him. Mr. Olney himself has no little trouble with Bryan's personality, and all that he is able to say regarding that agile candidate is in the nature of apology for radicalism. Of Mr. Bryan's ardent championship of the immunity of labor unions from the legal responsibility incurred by other people, Mr. Olney remarks:

> It is not unthinkable that Mr. Bryan's habits, training, and career have not qualified him to wisely estimate the true place and the vital importance of the injunction power as vested in English and American courts.

Of the government ownership fad, we are told that Bryan's declaration of 1906 has "the redeeming feature of demonstrating that Bryan at least has the courage of his convictions"—a statement, by the way, which must have been written before the candidate's recent effort to get away from his earlier position by declaring that he never meant to take it. The gist of the whole argument, as regards the Democratic nominee, is that circumstances will probably so far chain him down, in case of his election, that he can do no harm. This argument, of which one hears much, does not impress us. To elect a dangerous man to the highest office because we will somehow be able to check his activities, is not to apply the rules of common sense. Mr. Olney, a stanch defender of sound money, has no word to say on Bryan's past vagaries on that subject. For ourselves, we regard that part of Bryan's history as fundamentally important. Increased production of gold may well have obliterated free coinage of silver as a practical issue, but it does not obliterate the mental qualities which have led Mr. Bryan into vehement support of this and nearly every other unsound theory of the currency. With what Mr. Olney has to say on the desirability of a check to one-party domination in the United States, we are cordially in agreement. The Opposition party, however, is bound to propose a safe and proper candidate as the alternative to such domination.

Mr. Bryan, in his statement at Philadelphia last week, failed to give that full and frank declaration of the new Bryan's attitude on the old Bryan's economic vagaries which the occasion seems to require. Does Mr. Bryan still hold, for instance, his former belief in free coinage of silver whenever political sentiment seems to favor it? We cannot tell. "The money question," Mr. Bryan says, "has been taken out of politics because of the unexpected discoveries of gold." What seems to rankle particularly, however, is not the charge of silence on his old beliefs, but the charge of shiftiness. Mr. Taft "accuses me," the interview proceeds, "of being changeable and abandoning issues," a phrase which suggests government ownership of railways. On this, we are informed, the new Bryan and the old Bryan are one. Neither wanted it. "I do not desire government ownership"; all that Mr. Bryan ever said was that "government ownership will follow if the railways prevent regulation." Is it so? Who was it, then, that declared in Madison Square Garden, on August 30, 1906, "I have already reached the conclusion that railroads partake so much of the nature of a monopoly that they must ultimately become public property and be managed by public officials"—adding, by way of broader elucidation, "I prefer to see only the trunk lines operated by the Federal government and the local lines by the several State governments"? If this was the language of a statesman shaken with regret at a catastrophe which he felt himself helpless to avert, one must admit that the words were singularly ill chosen.

Mr. Taft's excellent address to the negroes in Cincinnati last week will win him many votes. He is indubitably friendly to the colored people, but he has lately been put in what he regards as a false position toward them. Although his friends have declared that he was not in sympathy with the President's injustice to the three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, accused at Brownsville, and the story has been industriously circulated among the negroes that he would have resigned from the Cabinet in consequence of it but for his duty to the Philippines and Cuba, his lips have, owing to his loyalty to President Roosevelt, been sealed on that point. Mr. Taft has been unfortunate, too, in some of his utterances, as on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Tuskegee,

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when he appeared to approve of the nullification of the war-time amendments; and elsewhere when he committed himself so thoroughly to industrial training for the blacks and opposed their higher education—a position hateful to those who rightly refuse to accept any limitations on the intellectual aspirations of the race. On that question Mr. Taft has seen the light, and he manfully admitted his error last week. Furthermore, Mr. Taft pointed out that the best cure for race barbarism, whether North or South, is enforcement of law and the punishment of guilty officials who permit the flouting of justice. As to mob crimes, Judge Taft spoke in the following vigorous fashion:

> I don't know that the race bitterness is any stronger to-day than it ever was. For a length of time it seems to be altogether abated, and then there will be an outbreak, a mob will be formed, developing the most fiendish cruelty, manifesting itself in the blindest and most unreasonable assaults upon perfectly innocent people simply because of their color. It is only fair to say that such brutish exhibitions are not confined to any one section. It is impossible to read accounts of this sort without having one's blood boil with indignation that there can reside in the human breast such a savage and beastly impulse and motive.

Did any one ever hear anything like this from Mr. Bryan's lips? No; the Southern delegations have made that impossible.

At the same time, we are not without sympathy for the general principles avowed by those colored men, like Prof. W. E. B. DuBois and the Rev. J. M. Waldron, who have announced their intention of voting for Mr. Bryan. They argue with much force that the political solidarity of any race or group of citizens is harmful to them; and that the division of the negro vote would be an advantage to the political parties as well as to the negro. The fact that the negroes have heretofore voted blindly, in a mass, for the Republican ticket has led that organization to look with indifference upon their wrongs. There have even been symptoms of late that the leaders were beholding with calmness the ousting of the negro from portions of the Republican party in the South. Many times, we believe, the negro would have done better for himself in the South had he on local and State issues abandoned precedent and voted for high-minded Democratic nominees. In Ohio and parts of the Middle West negroes hold the balance of power. If they but learn to vote for men who best live up to their ideals and carry out promises, they will have taken a long step forward politically. Yet admitting that a division of the negro vote may be desirable, we cannot see that the national Democratic party offers at present any strong inducements to the negroes.

Alton B. Parker, at the New York State Democratic Convention last week, exposed the weak joint in James S. Sherman's armor. In the days when nobody dreamed that Sherman could ever aspire to any place higher than a seat in the House of Representatives—that is, in 1906—he was chairman of the Congressional Committee. One of his chief duties was to raise funds, and, "as had his predecessors of old," he went down "into Wall Street to get the money with which to 'influence' the doubtful districts." In fine, Mr. Sherman was the chief "fat-fryer" in 1906. But the business of fat-frying has fallen on evil days, and the men who were formerly engaged in it are no longer regarded as disinterested patriots. The revelations as to the extent to which the insurance companies and other large corporations contributed to the support of parties and received their money's worth in the form of legislation have filled voters with a profound disgust at the partnership between finance and politics. Mr. Sherman, of course, is no worse than others of the school to which he belongs; but if the Democrats care to dwell on this aspect of his career, they can turn votes from the Republican ticket, especially in the West, where radicalism is strong, and in those parts of the East where the feeling of hostility to capital runs high.

Lieut.-Gov. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler's qualifications for the Governorship of New York are largely negative. He is of good family, education, and instincts; he is not unpopular, but he is inclined to be unstable. He has held aloof from the bosses; in his present inconspicuous office he has been free from offensive partisanship. After all, however, he is an untried young man, whose good intentions must be balanced against a record and a personality like those of Gov. Hughes. Mr. Chanler will make a good fight, because even negative virtues will be welcomed by many Democrats who had expected the worst at the hands of Murphy and Conners. Reëstablished harmony in the Democratic party, as opposed to a certain amount of lingering anti-Hughes sentiment among the little Republican bosses, will also help him. Over Mr. Chanler's probable running-mates we can rise to no particular height of enthusiasm or disapproval. An emphatic exception, however, is Comptroller Martin H. Glynn, whose record is one of commendable zeal and effectiveness. No one who votes for Hughes should hesitate to support Glynn against Mr. Barnes's man, Charles H. Gaus.

While Americans are absorbed in the progress and future of the Panama Canal, European newspapers are giving serious thought to Mexico's interoceanic Tehuantepec railway, which, after a year of limited service for American traffic, is thrown open this month to international trade. The success of this line will, it is confidently asserted, measure, in some degree, that which the Panama Canal may attain; and there seem to be good reasons for this belief. The road, which is more than 500 miles north of Colon, connects the new Atlantic port, Puerto Mexico, with Salina Cruz, on the Pacific. It is less than 200 miles long, and the terminals are equipped with the best facilities for docking and loading. English, German, and American steamship lines already touch at the two ports, and the Hamburg-American Line has just begun sending fast passenger steamers to Puerto Mexico. Nobody supposes that the railway will prove a serious rival to the "big ditch" at the Isthmus; for the cost of breaking and making cargo is too great. But any considerable tonnage over its tracks during the next five years will augur well for that day when the first steamer voyages from Colon to Panama.

When British and German workingmen join in a demonstration of international good-will as on Sunday at Berlin, they do more to reassure the friends of peace than Kaiser's or Chancellor's oft-expressed vows of pacific aspiration. For there is never an Imperial statement in favor of international amity without its discouraging qualification. Yes, we want peace, but you must not touch our national honor or our legiti-

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mate ambitions; you must not interfere with our high mission of civilizing the world, or with our future upon the seas. But the workingmen of England and of Germany, as of every other country on earth, know that such stirring labels as national honor, legitimate aspiration, and civilizing missions are likely to describe lust of Imperialism and passion for conquest. National dignity too often is synonymous with the dignity and interests of a ruling military caste, and too infrequently with the desires and interests of those who do the work of the world and pay the cost of its wars. We are not sanguine enough to believe that English or German politicians have lost their skill in creating artificial crises, or beclouding the minds of reasonable men with the fumes of a false "patriotism." But every interchange of friendship between the peace-loving masses of England and Germany must make it harder for the politicians to play their game.

It must be irritating to the German Chancellor to see the statistics of German colonization laid bare before the world in the cold type of such a publication as the Statesman's Year-Book. We are told that in the year 1907 the total number of persons who emigrated from Germany to Africa was 37. Germany thus presents the strange spectacle of a great empire reaching out for distant colonies while its teeming population clings with extraordinary tenacity to the fatherland. The influx to the United States sank to small proportions in the early part of the last decade, and even our years of unexampled prosperity failed to swell the tide. In the article "Brasilien," in the last edition of "Meyers Konversations-Lexikon," there is a survey of the flourishing German colonies in Brazil, whose population is put down at nearly half a million. But the emigration from Germany to that republic has come almost to an end, the annual figures having dwindled from over 5,000 in 1890 and 807 in 1902 to 167 in 1907. Nor does Argentina, with its boundless opportunities, lure the Teuton to make his abode under the southern constellations. If the extent of the emigration from a country be taken as a gauge of the contentment prevailing there, then the barometer afforded by German statistics indicates a remarkably equable condition of the public mind in the Empire and a satisfaction with the existing order which would appear to border on stolidity. In the years 1902 to 1907 the average number of emigrants was only 31,000, the greatest deflection from the average not exceeding 5,000. With a population of over 60,000,000 crowded into an area smaller than that of Texas, the German Empire at the present day is actually gaining more by immigration than it loses by emigration.

Maltreatment of soldiers by officers is not a specialty of the German army, but the cases there are numerous and are frequently serious enough to be brought before the military courts. In course of a recent trial in Berlin four officers were indicted for brutal conduct toward privates, leading in several cases to suicide. The soldiers are not only injured bodily by being hit with sticks and butts of rifles, but are made to perform degrading and nauseating acts, some of them too disgusting to be specified. Punishments are inflicted by officers who lack legal authority, and threats of violence are used against those who complain or turn informers. The discipline, at the same time, is so strict that any resistance on the part of the victims can be treated as mutiny. Col. Gädke expresses the opinion that this state of affairs, which is most pronounced in the Prussian army, is a survival among the officers of the feeling prevalent in the eighteenth century, when the mercenaries were the lowest social dregs, and Frederick the Great was right in saying that the soldier should fear his officer more than the enemy. According to a recent issue of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, there have been thirty trials within the year of officers and warrant officers for grave cases of abuse. Some officers were accused of 229, 280, and 600 instances of brutality. The *Zeitung* complains, too, that in a considerable number of the cases the sentences bestowed were inadequate. Writing in the *Tägliche Rundschau*, Lieut.-Gen. von Litzmann declares emphatically that these tortures must be stopped, even if the sentences of wrong-doers have to be largely increased.

The misfortunes of Russia continue. Four years and three years ago it was war; three years and two years ago it was revolution; last year it was famine; now it is cholera. If you count in the loss of the flower of her eldest born whom she has sent to the scaffold, the mines, and the prison cell, the deliverance of Russia, if it ever comes, will be at an appalling price of blood. It is this loss of her ablest men that the plague-stricken country may soon come to regret. Should the cholera spread from the towns into the open country, it will find a fearful harvest. The Zemstvos, or provincial councils, which in previous epidemics did valiant work among the peasants, are now crippled and in incapable hands. The Zemstvo doctors and nurses constituted an important element in the revolutionary army; large numbers of them are dead, in exile, or in confinement. Inexperienced hands will have to carry on the work under the supervision of stupid and reactionary Zemstvo officials and government agents. In the cities the prisons are fearfully overcrowded; already typhoid epidemics have stirred to anxiety even the conscience of the government. What would happen if the cholera infection should penetrate to the prisons may easily be conjectured.

The distinction between home rule and autonomy which John Redmond would draw is hard to grasp, unless by autonomy the leader of the Irish Nationalist party means a gradual advance towards self-government for Ireland in contradistinction to the sharp governmental revolution we associate with the term Home Rule. Whether or not the process known as "devolution" will bring Home Rule to Ireland as soon as Mr. Redmond thinks—in the present generation—his cheerful testimony to the improvement in Ireland's economic condition shows that the primary sources of Irish discontent are steadily being exhausted. Land legislation is finally coming within sight of its goal—the transfer of the Irish soil to the Irish peasant; and the future of the island must come to be more and more in the hands of her own people. Emigration is still a heavy drain on the supply of labor. The population is still dwindling. But it is not to be supposed that the habit of expatriation, greatly accentuated during the last seventy years and more, shall disappear at once. The New Ireland, as Sydney Brooks calls it, is the problem of its youngest generation.

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SENATOR FORAKER AND THE STANDARD OIL.

The letters from John D. Archbold to Senator Foraker which William R. Hearst read at Columbus, Ohio, and at St. Louis are thus far the sensation of the campaign. The final effect of these revelations it is impossible to foretell, but one or two results are apparent.

The first is that Senator Foraker must retire from politics. No explanation which he can offer will dispel the belief that he used his position as Senator to advance the interests of the Standard Oil Company. When the first batch of letters was published, he asserted:

> The employment had no reference whatever to anything pending in Congress or to anything in which the Federal government had the slightest interest.

But this defence is clearly enough destroyed by one of the later letters:

> 26 Broadway, Feb. 25, 1902.
>
> MY DEAR SENATOR: I venture to write you a word regarding the bill introduced by Senator Jones of Arkansas, known as "S. 649," intended to amend the act to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies, introduced by him Dec. 4. It really seems as though this bill was very unnecessarily severe and even vicious.
>
> Is it not much better to test the application of the Sherman Act before resorting to a measure of this kind? I hope you will feel so about it, and I will be greatly pleased to have a word from you on the subject. The bill is, I believe, still in the committee. With kind regards I am, very truly yours, JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.
>
> Hon. J. B. Foraker, Washington, D. C.

It was only a month earlier—January 27, to be exact—that Mr. Archbold had written:

> MY DEAR SENATOR: Responding to your favor of the 25th, it gives me pleasure to hand you herewith certificate of deposit for $50,000 per our understanding. Your letter states the conditions correctly, and I trust the transaction will be successfully consummated.

This $50,000, Mr. Foraker assures us, was a loan, subsequently returned, to enable Mr. Foraker and his friends to purchase the *Ohio State Journal*. "I applied to a number of friends," says Mr. Foraker, "to see if they would not make up the balance of the amount. Among others I applied to the Standard Oil Company." This statement may satisfy Mr. Foraker and his personal adherents, but, politically, it cannot help him in the least. Whether this $50,000, and the $29,500 which preceded it, were loans, legal retainers, or gifts outright, is all one so far as Mr. Foraker's constituents are concerned. In the interest of the Standard Oil Company he was watching, and apparently influencing, legislation at Columbus and Washington; at any rate, he was rendering services and at the same time was receiving thousands of dollars of pay from the Standard Oil and was borrowing thousands more. It is inconceivable that the electorate of Ohio will condone this, the very essence of political corruption.

The downfall of Foraker, one of the leaders of the Republican party in Ohio, would seem bound to damage the national and State tickets there. The Democrats have nominated a strong man for Governor, Judson Harmon; and if copies of the letters of Mr. Archbold to Foraker are put into the hands of every voter, and if the campaign is in other ways conducted with ability, there will be no difficulty in making it appear that the Foraker-Cox wing of the organization has been subservient to the Standard Oil. The troubles of the Republicans will be much increased if Mr. Foraker adheres to his present intention of trying for reëlection to the Senate. Unless he gives way and a candidate free from all taint comes forward, the Republicans will justly be accused of participating in, or at least pardoning, his iniquities.

The injury to Mr. Taft in Ohio and, indeed, throughout the rest of the country will, of course, be lessened by the fact that he and President Roosevelt have for some time been hostile to Foraker; the policies which they have urged have been those which Mr. Foraker has most bitterly combated; and the nomination of Mr. Taft was obviously a defeat for the Republican "reactionaries"—the faction of which Foraker is one of the chieftains. These points are presented with great force in the statement which the President gave out Monday evening. The Archbold letters are there seized upon and displayed as overwhelming evidence that Foraker's opposition to the President's policies—and therefore Mr. Taft's policies—has been a piece of shameless insincerity, inspired and paid for by Standard Oil malice. Thus it is inevitable that, with considerable masses of voters, East and West, the motives of Mr. Foraker and of those Senators and Representatives who have fought the President at Washington will be pretty thoroughly discredited. However genuine and disinterested the conservatism of these persons, they will be suspected. On the other hand, the President and his followers loom up larger than ever as the only relentless enemies of the Standard Oil and other wicked corporations. And this impression is heightened by the letter from Mr. Taft which the President quotes. Mr. Taft's declaration, so long ago as July, 1907, that he did not care for the Presidency if it had "to come by compromise with Senator Foraker or any one else in a matter of principle," and that Mr. Foraker had "opposed the vital policies" of the Administration—all this is bound to increase the respect for Mr. Taft's wisdom and courage. It will also strengthen him in those very radical States—like Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and the Dakotas—where there have been doubts as to the completeness of Mr. Taft's devotion to the Roosevelt programme. In fine, the letters which have undone Foraker will, in many parts of the country, be a certificate of character for Mr. Taft.

The one embarrassment is the rather ostentatious reconciliation a few days ago between Taft and Foraker. That Mr. Taft's handshaking and his promise to speak from the same platform with Mr. Foraker were anything more than an attempt to patch up between the quarrelling Republicans of Ohio a *modus vivendi* till after election is improbable. Nevertheless Mr. Taft must now bitterly regret that he even seemed to meet Mr. Foraker half-way. The maintenance of his former attitude of aloofness would have been far more dignified, and, as the event proves, profitable. For even in politics the man who sticks rigidly for high principles and is not afraid of making and keeping enemies is often the one who wins the fight.

MR. TAFT AND HIS RELIGION.

The Democrats in the Middle West, it is increasingly apparent, are basing some of their high hopes on the quiet effort to stir up orthodox church-members against Mr. Taft because he is a Unitarian. The attack of the Methodists upon Mr. Cannon is an open appeal to their preachers to denounce from their pulpits the course of the Speaker; against Mr. Taft the movement is more insidious. It is a whispering campaign, accompanied by ardent personal appeals

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not to let high heaven witness the seating in the White House of a man who denies the divine parentage of Jesus.

Nor is this dissatisfaction with Mr. Taft confined to the Methodists. Adherents of other evangelical denominations are becoming uneasy because—curiously enough—Mr. Taft is believed to be too friendly with Rome. It is remembered that as Governor-General of the Philippines he dealt with many questions in a way highly satisfactory to the Vatican, and that the purchase of the Catholic lands in the archipelago was on terms far more acceptable to the Church than to the Filipinos who had directed their successful revolution quite as much against the friars as against the Spanish authorities. Then, too, by Mr. Roosevelt's direction, Mr. Taft actually went to Rome in violation of all American precedents, to negotiate direct with the Vatican about these very lands. It is further recalled that Mr. Roosevelt was unfortunately involved in the attempt to obtain a cardinal's hat for Archbishop Ireland. For this the President, a spoiled darling, was readily forgiven; but the fear now expressed, honestly or dishonestly, is that Mr. Taft has been so long in training under his political creator as to make it likely that he, too, will appoint a Catholic to his Cabinet and adopt Mr. Roosevelt's methods of capturing Catholic votes. The fact is, however, that the Catholic interest in Mr. Roosevelt was due quite as much to the popular enthusiasm for his personality and the flattery of his attentions to Catholic authorities as to anything done for the Church itself. And the same thing may be said of his success in securing many Hebrew votes. Has he not a Straus as well as a Bonaparte in his Cabinet, and has he not recognized in innumerable ways the important position now occupied by Hebrews in our financial, political, and social life? If Mr. Taft is to be under suspicion because of Mr. Roosevelt's friendliness to Catholics, he should also be watched because the President is hail-fellow with the Jews.

But this argument is obviously too insincere and far-fetched to be worth elaborate refutation, though, unhappily, it is likely to catch the evangelical groundlings and no-popery fanatics of all kinds. The simple truth is that, with the glamour of Mr. Roosevelt's personality removed from the centre of the stage, men of all faiths are going to vote, as before, with less regard to the candidate as an individual and more for the things he stands for. This change we count, in general, a great gain. We look, however, with unmixed regret upon the entrance of the Methodists as a body into politics, whether their objective be a legislative barnacle, like Speaker Cannon, or any one else. Every one knows what an outcry would arise if the Catholic Church gave orders to its priests to read from their pulpits a flaming attack upon the most powerful official of the government next to the President. The best policy for all the sects and for the country itself is to avoid the use of ecclesiastical machinery for political propaganda.

As for Mr. Taft, since this is not the day of the fagot or the rack, we believe that, on the whole, the attempt to attack him because of his religion will react to his advantage. The facts about Mr. Taft's personal life are all known; there is not a shadow on it anywhere, not even the breath of a suspicion that he has ever been other than a clean-minded, clean-living American gentleman. He has put service to the state far above the pursuit of the almighty dollar; he has never attempted to conceal his beliefs, or to shift the responsibility for them, and he has, therefore, even won the unbounded respect of those who differ from him radically on political questions. The example of his upright life is of enormous benefit to the youth of the nation whether he has attended church four times a year or forty. This is no age to proscribe a man because he has played golf on Sunday, or because he believes in the religion of Emerson, of Channing, of Theodore Parker—in fine, because he is a member of a sect which has supplied leaders for all the great humanitarian movements of the last century. The mere effort to appeal to prejudice and bigotry will rally men to his side, if the matter interests them at all.

THE INSATIABLE ARMY.

With Congress nearly three months away and a Presidential campaign absorbing the country, the insatiable army boomers are already planning next winter's raid upon the Treasury. The Secretary of War is to ask for at last ten new regiments of infantry, five of cavalry, and several companies of coast artillery; and it is hinted that President Roosevelt will make the same demand in his annual message. One hundred thousand men is the minimum strength desired, and the President is to prove that we must have this number in order to relieve our infantry, now compelled to spend too much time in Cuba and the Philippines, and in order to man the new coast defences at Manila and Honolulu. Even the present craze for aeronautics is to be a pretext for more soldiers: Congress is to hear that the Signal Corps, which deals with aeroplanes and balloons, must forthwith have more men and money.

Still another reason for more regiments is the already threatening block in promotions. The sudden expansion of the army in 1898 and 1901, and again in 1907, brought into service many young men who have gone ahead rapidly, not only because of the new regiments created, but because of the passing of the entire generation of civil war veterans who at the outbreak of the war with Spain filled the grades from major up. About 68 per cent. of our officers have had less than ten years' service, and with the older men retired, they see approaching the same block in promotion which resulted from filling the regular army with young men in 1866. In the infantry there is only one retirement for age between now and September, 1911; in the field artillery, none until 1913; and in the cavalry but two between now and 1912. Here is at once a plausible reason why more places should be created—to stimulate the flow of promotions. President Roosevelt can become as eloquent on the necessity of young colonels and majors and captains as he can about the crime of having admirals over fifty and battleship commanders above forty-six.

But this is not all. Nearly 600 officers are absent from their regiments or corps as recruiting officers, teachers, or students at West Point and the various graduate schools; instructors of the Cuban troops; officers of the Philippine Scouts and the Porto Rico regiment; members of the General Staff; attachés and students with foreign armies; employees of the Panama Canal Commission, etc. Beyond doubt, the discipline of the army and its efficiency suffer by reason of this absenteeism. Hence Con-

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gress will be urged to provide 600 additional officers.

And finally there is the pay-roll. Last winter the army received 10 per cent. more pay for officers and 15 per cent. for the men—the first increase in forty years. But that is declared to be not enough. The two officers who lobbied this bill through Congress complain because the law of last winter did not provide automatic increase of pay for length of service in the case of officers above the rank of captain, and did not satisfy other minor demands.

Ordinarily, in times of business depression, it would seem to be the duty of Congress to curtail its expenses for military and naval purposes, particularly when there is not a cloud upon the horizon. It might be thought, too, when this peace-loving republic is devoting 70 per cent. of its outlay to army, navy, and pensions, that sacrifice would be sufficient. But no; the way to the Treasury has been thrown open to army and navy since 1898, and there is no disposition to let the path remain unused. Where is the thing to end? Mr. Taft seems not to understand the danger of these tendencies. He echoes glibly some of the military clap-trap of Mr. Roosevelt. Bryan has stood at times for the old American principles, only to weaken his position by donning a colonel's uniform in 1898, then by asserting that the army was increased in order to overawe the workingman, and now, by falling in with the mania for a big navy and by declaring through the Democratic platform that we must have an "adequate navy"—without, of course, defining "adequate." Nevertheless, here is an issue which must soon force itself on the public—our national balance-sheet will do that.

THE MODERATE SOCIALISTS.

Because the congress of German Socialists at Nuremberg was sharply divided on a question of parliamentary tactics, we are hardly warranted in looking upon the controversy as a "split" within the Social-Democratic party. Socialist congresses in Germany have quarrelled sharply before this, and gone their way in unity and peace. It will take time to disrupt the marvellous discipline of the German Socialists. The authority of old and tried leaders like Bebel, Singer, and Kautsky can be depended upon to prevail against radical innovations in party principles or practice; but it is no auspicious sign for the future that congress after congress of German Socialists should have to deal with such innovations and heresies. Evidently, the demand, within the party, for a policy that shall go beyond mere protest and criticism is growing. The elements that stand for compromise refuse to be silenced. The Revisionists, among whom Eduard Bernstein was most prominent, wished to modify the Marxian theory so as to make room within the Socialist party for other classes than the urban workingmen. That was a number of years ago, and Revisionism was placed under the official ban. But under another form the idea has again come up for consideration. The question under debate last week was whether Socialist Deputies in the various German legislatures shall continue to vote "No" on all government revenue measures. The Socialists of Baden and Bavaria have recently made a sharp departure by supporting the budgets of their respective governments; and for this Bebel has bitterly arraigned them.

The issue over which battle was joined at Nuremberg confronts the Socialists of every other country in which they have developed strength, including our own. It is natural that the younger generations of Socialism should chafe at the rôle of inactivity to which the orthodox tactics of the older leaders would confine them. The younger element finds it hard that a great party should hold its soul in patient expectation of a decisive victory that may not come for a half-century, when minor triumphs may be gained from day to day. The veterans, on the other hand, are sensitive to the dangers of compromise. Once you start on that facile descent, you will compromise and compromise till you land in the Avernus of middle-class log-rolling politics. Thus the Baden Socialists argued that by voting this year's budget they prevented the Clerical Centre from seizing control of the government. But to Bebel, Centre, Liberal, and Radical bear no different connotation. They are all a bourgeois, "reactionary mass."

Yet even Bebel has been forced at times to recognize the argument from expediency. Three years ago, when the example of Russia had made the hotheads among the German Socialists eager for a general strike which should break the power of conservatism in Prussia, Bebel fought with all his might against a measure which he believed would lead to civil war and repression. More recently, for the sake of expediency, he has declared that in case of war with France he is ready to march with gun and knapsack to the defence of the German frontier. Once you permit expediency to modify the rigor of revealed Socialist doctrine, the moderate faction cannot see why expediency should not be pleaded in behalf of a policy of gradual progress towards the ideal. There can be little doubt, then, that, as the old leaders pass away, in Germany as elsewhere, the tendency towards compromise in tactics, both in and out of the political sphere, must become accentuated. In Great Britain, for example, the veteran Hyndman still holds aloft the banner of uncompromising, revolutionary Socialism. But just one man of Hyndman's way of thinking, Victor Grayson, has succeeded in winning a seat in Parliament. The Independent Labor Party, which counts among its fifty-four members in the House of Commons a considerable number of Socialists, owes its strength to its latitudinarian spirit. Its founders were wise enough to see that if the trade unions were not ready for Socialism, they must be dealt with patiently, and not scolded and alienated.

The Socialist movement in this country is growing conspicuously susceptible to the advantages of compromise. The old revolutionary theory is still upheld by the Socialist Labor Party under the leadership of the veteran Daniel De Leon. To him the ancient law still holds; who is not with him is against him. The trade union that refuses to enlist under the banner of Socialism is as reactionary an institution as the Steel Trust. But the Socialist Labor party is a dwindling faction, and De Leon's would seem to be a lost cause. Aggressive and successful Socialism is represented by the Socialist Party, whose leaders have held an open ear to the counsels of expediency. Their platforms have been framed with a view to the needs of possible converts. At their conventions they have discussed such things as farmers' planks and other planks that might please. Toward the trade unions the Socialist Party has pur-

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sued a policy of amiable expectancy, and for their benefit has pronounced, though in somewhat roundabout form, for the restriction of Asiatic immigration—strange action for a party based on the principles of human brotherhood! Above all, students of Socialism have only to consider how impossible such a movement as the Christian Socialist agitation, of which we hear so much now, would have been thought only ten years ago, to see how conciliatory is the attitude of our present-day followers of Karl Marx.

HEROIC COUPLETS REVIVED.

Blackwood's Magazine, which manages to combine bad politics and good literature, gives fourteen pages of its September issue to the first canto of "The Hop Garden," a Modern Georgic by W. J. Courthope, sometime professor of poetry at Oxford, author of a "History of English Poetry," a "Life of Pope," and editor of Pope's works. The titles are not superfluous, for the poem is patently an attempt to eschew modern modes and revive the manner of a past school in which the writer is a recognized authority. The metre is the closed heroic couplet of Pope, and the substance might be described as a compound of Pope's satirical vein, of John Philips's "rustic pipe," and Goldsmith's mellow complaint. Professor Courthope is not afraid to introduce the details of planting the hop and of curing its diseases, and he makes astonishingly good reading of them. But the burden of his song is the decay that has crept over the fields of his native Kent. He recalls the days of his boyhood, when every dale was a busy farm, and when on every side might be seen columns of smoke rising from the oasts, or houses for drying the hops. But now—

Vain dream! their ancient haunts my eyes behold;
I breathe the airs, I tread the paths of old;
But when recording Memory paints anew
Her former scenes—alas! how changed the view!
Why rise no clustered poles, the hamlet's boast?
Why glows no furnace in th' untended oast?
Where are the village bands, whose cheerful din
At sunset babbled round the canvas bin?
All, all are gone! With furrows half effaced,
The garden's soil extends a brambled waste;
To the gay hum of busy life succeeds
A mournful hush, and in the neighboring meads
His scant and wandering flock a single shepherd feeds.

That has not quite the rare Virgilian note of "The Deserted Village"—what living poet can hope to catch that vanished charm?—but when he passes to satire Professor Courthope comes nearer to his model. Free trade, to this rhyming statesman's mind, is the ogre that has devoured the bloom of the fields, and free trade is possible because the "Sovereign Number" are the prey of avaricious money-makers and shifty politicians:

Mark, then, what gifts advance the "statesman's" aim—
A courtier's soul; perhaps a noble name;
A front unused to blush; a brain whose wit
Can shift the shoe the winning side to fit.
Among his peers a bully bold and loud;
Pert to his betters; cringing to the crowd;
With twenty baits he'll catch one huckster's vote,
And turn with equal ease his phrase and coat.
Blamed for his shifts, opinion he outlords,
Or slimes his treachery o'er with canting words:
So eels, pursued, by swimming top the flood,
Or through the bottom crawl in native mud.
Before the expectant audience next he stands,
Crooks the bent knee, and waves obsequious hands;
The platform sweats with promises and tropes,
And lies as numerous as his hearers' hopes;
To win the doubtful seat he'll stake his soul;
If lost—No matter! he must head the poll.

Horrid politics, but good verse. Indeed, the chief interest of the poem is its conscious effort to revert to a rhythmical form which has scarcely been heard seriously in England since the great invasion of the romanticists under Wordsworth and Coleridge. There is something in this closed couplet that has always raised a tempest of revolt in the romantic mind, and the history of English poetry might be epitomized in its varying fortunes. Mediævalism passed away and the Renaissance entered England with its adoption by Chaucer. With the inspiration, and too often the license, of the Elizabethans, it was abandoned for the greater variety of the stanza, or was broken up by making the pauses of the sense fall in different places from the rhythmical pauses. Daniel found the recurring pairs of rhyme "tiresome and unpleasing" because "they run on with a sound of one nature and a kind of certainty which stuffs the delight rather than entertains it." As a reaction the couplet came into favor again after the metaphysical writers had reduced the Elizabethan wit to a kind of drunken preciosity. It suited the eighteenth century poets, who valued restraint and form more than originality, and who dreaded enthusiasm more than dulness. But even Cowper, who used the measure in his "Table Talk" with consummate skill, felt the beginnings of revolt against this

Beating alternately, in measured time,
The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme,

The nineteenth century brought in outrageous rebellion in literature as in other things. Keats uses the couplet, but in such a way (in his earlier years, at least; he learnt better with experience), that the rhymes are scarcely felt in the long flow of the paragraph. Leigh Hunt expresses his pleasure in "seeing all the reigning poets, without exception, break up their own heroic couplets into freer modulation." Byron tried in vain to stem the tide of license. For a hundred years the heroic couplet of Pope and Johnson and Goldsmith has sounded to our ears as a clockwork tintinnabulum. Lowell likened it to the two sticks rubbed together by a savage to strike fire.

Well, our own romantic age, like the Elizabethan, has dripped to the lees. We have the language of the gods, but we speak it with an earthly accent. Our enthusiasm sounds thin and shrill; our words seem an echo; we say that poetry is dead—or, more probably, "has slumped." Even in so skilled a writer as Stephen Phillips one rather admires the jugglery of his muse than rises with the beating of her wings. One feels a lack of reality, a note of inveracity, in his work, as in that of all the romantic lingerers into the present. They are not in touch with the forces that are impelling the age. And the question arises—it has been asked in these columns before now—whether the prosperity of verse does not lie for us in a frank acceptance of these facts and in a return to the form and, with the necessary modification of new ideas, to the manner of an age which could offer brave substitutes for the airier inspiration it lacked. There is a rich field open for the satirist who will train him-

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self in the school of Dryden and Pope. The homely virtues of life and the pathos of life's regret may still be sung by one who has caught the touch of Goldsmith. There is more promise today for one who will sing the industry of the farms than for one who seeks to prolong Wordsworth's priestly communion with nature. It is because Professor Courthope has produced a measurably successful and deliberately intended revival of this sort that his "Hop Garden" is notable in the poetry of the day.

FRENCH HISTORICAL BOOKS.

PARIS, September 12.

Under the head of history should be ranked "Boccace," by an authority on the Italian Renaissance, E. Rodocanachi. He follows Boccacio as an individual, emotional lover, light—too light—story-teller, winding up religious and mystic; and also as the poet and prose writer of his race, the moralist of his time and a man of politics—all which was not contradictory in that blessed age. A power of evolving contemporary documents beyond all warrant of known reality is the reproach cast up against Anatole France for his "Jeanne d'Arc." Among the countless critics excited by the book, Achille Luchaire may be noted, and P. H. Dunand, who has delivered his attack in three separate pamphlets. M. Luchaire has brought to a close a work of his own, which would have been enough for the lifetime of many historians, with the fifth volume of his "Innocent III." It treats of the kings who made themselves vassals of the Holy See, France remaining the only exception in Western Europe. The subject has not the same popular interest as Joan of Arc, and, evidently, it is not handled with the same mastery of style which Anatole France brings from his romances; but the great Pope marks a turning point in the world's history, and M. Luchaire's volumes represent the latest results of research at first hand. Their fulness of material the German Hurter was unable to command seventy years ago. Hurter was so enchanted with his Pope that he turned Catholic; M. Luchaire, who has been a *collaborateur* of Professor Lavisse for mediæval epochs, might well be, from his writing, a liberal Catholic—or perhaps it would be better to say a conservative positivist.

In his episodes of the Thirty Years' War the Vicomte de Noailles publishes a volume, "Bernard de Saxe-Weimar (1604-1639)," which has all but an actual interest for our day. It narrates the "reunion" of Alsace with France. Alfred Rébelliau, librarian of the Institut de France, and lecturer on "religious ideas and literature from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century" in the University of Paris, digs deeper the groove of erudition, which he began some years ago, by a documentary work of prime importance—"La Compagnie secrète du Saint-Sacrement." It contains the letters sent from the group of Paris to that of Marseilles from the year 1639 to 1662. These "companions," who, according to divers sympathies, have been ranked by historians among saints or assassins, turn out to be citizens devoted to their religion in an age when citizens still believed. Their reputation in history is partly responsible for the ill fame of "La Congrégation," which founders of the Third Republic like Henri Brisson have cleverly turned against "les congrégations" or religious communities of monks and nuns—quite another thing. Professor Rébelliau is apparently of Protestant antecedents; but his documents show off their writers to advantage in comparison with what has become official French history. Prince Emmanuel de Broglie's "Tourville" (1642-1701) is a solid historical book on Louis the Fourteenth's great sailor, whose picturesque flights in every European water were not without influence on universal history.

In a volume of miscellanies, "Esquisses et récits," by the new Academician, the Marquis de Ségur, further material is given to judge of that society of the eighteenth century from which Mrs. Humphry Ward transplanted her "Lady Rose's Daughter" into modern England. It explains, finally, the family relations of Madame du Deffand. There is also an interesting description of the education of women in that century of courtiers and philosophers. Mention may also be made here of the official publication by the Ministry of Public Instruction of unpublished documents on the economical history of the French Revolution. The present volume of the immense collection contains 766 pages, embracing two cantons of the district of Alençon (1788—Year IV., or 1796). The decision of Prince Murat to publish letters and documents in his possession has come as an agreeable surprise to historical students, and may well furnish new material of importance. The first volume, "Lettres et documents pour servir à l'histoire de Joachim Murat (1767-1815)," with an introduction and notes by Paul Le Brethon of the National Library, comprises letters of youth and of the early campaigns in Italy and Egypt. "Le Tribunal révolutionnaire," by G. Lenôtre, is, like all the readable and reliable works of this expert, a realistic transcript of the day's doings of the infamous Fouquier-Tinville while sending the victims of the Terror to the guillotine. The unpublished documents, the plans and details of buildings, and the particulars of all these judicial murders in the name of liberty will forever make it difficult to accept the Revolution *en bloc*. The difficulty is heightened by equally authentic work on precisely those opponents of revolution who are commonly supposed to have partly justified its excesses—"Les Emigrés à cocarde noire," by R. Bittard des Portes. This tells the life and sufferings of the honest rank and file that followed princes and nobles to exile and war in England, Belgium, Holland, and back to the French coast at Quiberon, sorely tried by the worn-out aristocracy of officers to whom they were faithful. The unpublished documents of "Fraternité révolutionnaire," by P. Bliard, have pathetic narratives of the death of Louis XVI., of liberty trees, of Lucile Desmoulins, and other victims of *doctrinaires* leading a criminal crowd.

The "Mémoires inédits de Mademoiselle George," the theatrical star, published by P. A. Cheramy from the original manuscript, are of lighter stuff, and throw us literally into the arms of Napoleon—no ideologue he, but with his own will and judgment as the ultimate base of morals. Albert Schuermans's "Itinéraire général de Napoléon Ier" is sufficiently characterized by Henry Houssaye, a competent judge, in the preface: "Of all the books published about Napoleon for twenty years, I hardly know one more useful, more interesting, and, of its kind, better made." Frédéric Masson publishes a third volume of his series, "Jadis et aujourd'hui"—miscellanies mainly occupied with the Revolution of Napoleon, making the twelfth volume of the Napoleonic works which have brought him into the French Academy. Gen. Désiré Chlapowski's "Mémoires sur les guerres de Napoléon (1806-1813)," as published by his son, now appear in French. Their Polish author fought with the conqueror until he found out that nothing was to be hoped for his hapless country, ground between the nether and the upper millstone. "L'Archichancellier Cambacérès (1753-1824)," by Pierre Vialles, gives from unpublished documents the career of one with whom both Revolution and Napoleon had to count, and who outlived both.

"L'Europe et la restauration des Bourbons (1814-1818)," by Pierre Rain, also makes use of much unpublished material concerning the first years of the restored Bourbons, when they showed their own incompetence to deal with the new world in which they found themselves, while their followers were for a great part frankly unworthy. The "Table analytique alphabétique" of the twelve-volumed Socialist History of France from 1789 to 1900, edited by M. Jaurès, is a complete reference book to that Revolutionary "encyclopædia of men and things (Socialist) of the nine-

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teenth century." In the name of the Revolution, also, is published the third volume of the complete works of Bakunin, founder of Anarchy. It contains "L'Empire knouto-germanique et la révolution sociale," published by him in 1871, and still earlier "philosophical considerations on the divine phantom, the real world and man," edited with notes by James Guillaume, who was a disciple of the prophet. This is the thirty-ninth volume of the Bibliothèque Sociologique Internationale.

Less theoretical, more actual, is the sixth and final volume of Joseph Reinach's "Histoire de l'Affaire Dreyfus," entirely devoted to the revision of the case by the Court of Cassation. The book is, perhaps, as complete as is possible at present; and, in spite of the inevitably partisan quality of the author, it is laboriously frank, even to disconcerting admissions in regard to the conduct of the Affair, which was built up on the Case. Of absolutely contemporary history, "La Vie politique dans les deux mondes (1906-1907)" is the first volume of an annual series. Its importance may be judged from its appearing under the direction of Achille Viallate, with the help of other professors of the Ecole des Sciences Politiques. Those for whom the dark and mysterious have charms when considering the play of the world may find entertainment, passing instruction even, in "Le Drame maçonnique" by Copin-Albancelli. The author asserts that twenty years of research make him competent to expose Freemasonry—"the occult power against France"—in its origin and aim and in its "veritable organism unsuspected unto this day." The competence is of graduates in the school of Edouard Drumont. "Sur le Pré," by Rouzier-Dorcières, represents the historical affairs of a very limited and fast disappearing set of what used to be known as the Boulevard. It is made up of reminiscences of the duels—more than two hundred—in which the author played some part. The preface is appropriately furnished by the comedy writer, Georges Courteline. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

George Willis Cooke's "Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is prepared upon the same general plan as the same author's "Bibliography of James Russell Lowell" (see the *Nation* of December 6, 1906, p. 485). The alphabetical list of single titles giving the place and date of first appearance and subsequent reprints, fills fifty pages. This is followed by the chronological list of separate works, with their various editions; lists of works edited by Emerson; collected works; volumes of selections, or compilations containing poems or essays by him; biographies, notices, poems addressed to Emerson, etc. From the point of view of the collector of first editions it is unfortunate that there is no list of books and pamphlets such as make up a set of first editions—a shortcoming that has been pointed out in notices of the earlier volumes of the series. In the description of the first edition of the First Series of "Essays," 1841, Mr. Cooke says: "The first issue has the words 'First Series' on the back." This is an unfortunate slip. There was no necessity of so designating the volume until a Second Series was under way; and the earliest issue is without the words "First Series." In the list of books containing contributions we fail to find "The Pioneer," a compilation edited by Edward Clapp, jr., Lynn, Mass., 1846. Here first appears in book-form one of Emerson's best known poems, "Each and All." It had come out in the *Western Messenger* (Cincinnati) for February, 1839. In his note to that interesting volume "Over-Songs," four poems by Emerson, Bayard Taylor, George William Curtis, and Lucy Larcom, privately printed for George M. Ide of Taunton, Mass., as a wedding gift to Mrs. Henry Morton Lovering, Mr. Cooke says "Only 5 copies were printed." This may be true, but in a letter laid in the only copy which has ever been offered at public auction, (first in the Roos sale, 1897, and again in the Arnold sale, 1901), Mr. Lovering said:

I think but eight or ten copies were printed, a copy for each of the authors, and one beautifully bound is in my wife's possession. I say I think this was the limit of the edition though I am not positive.

Emerson's obituary notice of Thoreau, as published in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* May 8, 1862, and now reprinted on pages 120-122 of the "Bibliography" will be read with interest by all admirers of Thoreau. The volume is made more useful by having a fuller index than the earlier volumes of the series.

The *Nation* for June 11, described Part i. of an early American edition of Dickens's "Pictures from Italy," issued by Putnam in 1846, under the title "Travelling Letters"; and the surmise was made that no more than that first part was issued in that form. William C. Lane, librarian of Harvard, informs us that his library possesses also a Part ii., paged in continuation of the first part, from 23 to 48, and containing Letters 4 to 7.

On September 30 and October 1, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell a large collection of books consigned from England, including some notable lots, among them a set of the Delphine Classics, 187 vols., on large and thick paper; *Notes and Queries*, complete to June, 1908, in 123 vols., with six (out of nine) index volumes; and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from its beginning in 1731 to 1850, 190 vols. Among books likely to interest collectors are some first editions of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Stevenson, and other modern writers, including a set of the Waverley Novels, 74 vols., all first editions excepting the three great rarities "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," and the first series of "Tales of My Landlord"; books from the Elzevir and Foulis presses; several old English Bibles (mostly imperfect); a considerable collection of American maps and some Americana.

Correspondence.

A QUESTION IN THE HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wonder if any of your readers can enlighten me as to the authorship of a pamphlet entitled:

A | Vindication | of the | Stage, | With the Usefulness and Advantages | of | Dramatick Representations, | In Answer to | Mr. Collier's Late Book, Entituled | *A View of the Prophaness and Immorality, &c.* | *In a Letter To a Friend* | [Motto in Latin] | London: | Printed for *Joseph Wild*, at the Sign of the *Elephant* at | *Charing-Cross.* MDCXCVIII.

This is one of the many pamphlets provoked by Collier's "Short View," 1698. In R. W. Lowe's "Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature," 1888, this pamphlet is listed without any assignment of authorship. Edmund Gosse's "Life of William Congreve," London, 1888, contains in the third chapter, which deals with the Collier controversy, the following passage (p. 113):

Gildon promised that when he had leisure he would write "A Vindication of the Stage." The very interesting tract, however, which was published under that title on the 17th of May is from a very different and, no doubt, a far more accomplished hand than his. There exists, I believe, not even a tradition which connects this pamphlet with any known name. I have little hesitation, however, in attributing it to Wycherley.

Mr. Gosse then gives his reasons for the attribution, reasons which, the candid reader must admit, are far from cogent. This conjecture by Gosse is mentioned in passing in the article on Wycherley in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

My question is whether Gildon has ever been seriously considered as the author of this pamphlet. In (April, according to Gosse) 1698, he published a play:

Phaeton: | or | The Fatal Divorce. | a | Tragedy. | As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal. | in *Imitation of the* Antients, | *With some Reflections in a Book call'd, a Short View of the Immorality Profaneness of the English Stage.*

The passage in the preface to which Mr. Gosse refers was as follows:

I have no Room in this Place to shew all the Abuses and Absurdities this Author is guilty of, but I reserve most of them for a work I have long design'd, and which I resolve to conclude some time this summer in Vindication of the Stage, *&c.*

At the end of Gildon's preface is another passage which may afford some light:

Which I desire he may do before I publish mine in Vindication of the *Stage* against Mr. *Pryn* and Mr. *Collier;* in which I question not, but I shall make evident that the Wit of Man can invent no way so efficacious, as Drammatick Poetry, to advance *Virtue* and *Wisdom*, and the Supream duty of an *English man* (next the Love of God which is always Supream) the Love of our Country, a Lesson I shall particularly Recommend the *Stage* for to Mr. *Collier.*

The coincidence of title, of course, proves nothing by itself, but "A Vindication" and the preface to "Phaeton" have several points in common: both emphasize Collier's charge as to blasphemy and answer it with some particularity; both point out that when Congreve's lover, Valentine, says he is truth, the fact that there is a similar phrase in the Bible does not make the utterance blasphemy. But it must be con-

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fessed that most of the replies to Collier run over a beaten track and touch upon the same or similar matters. "A Vindication," however, does lay much stress on the argument that dramatic poetry advances virtue and wisdom, and the remarks under this head conclude (p. 27) with the sentence:

Thus seeing of what Worth and Value *Drammatick Poetry* is, for forming our Manners and regulating our Lives, besides the great Delight and Pleasure it affords us, I think I need not urge much more for its Recommendation.

But any determination of the authorship of "A Vindication" is impossible without a close study of the writings of Gildon, Wycherley, and perhaps other authors of the period. To most of us Gildon is only a name in the "Dunciad." Have any of your readers that detailed knowledge which will solve my doubts? X.

New York, September 18.

MY FAVORITE BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial on August 27, "Their Favorite Book," leads me to believe that my own personal experience, which has been, I hope, unusual, may interest your readers. A student and teacher of literature most of my life, I have a first-hand knowledge of a considerable part of the literature of four languages. In English, I am fairly familiar with the principal writings from Beowulf to those of Bernard Shaw. For ten years, however, I have been an invalid—cut off for the most part from ordinary activities. Seldom able to leave my home, and seeing but few people, I pass much of my time in solitude and so am thrown almost wholly upon my own resources. Under these circumstances books are my chief recourse. Perhaps it would be rash to assert that my tastes are not in some degree morbid, yet they are fairly comprehensive. I enjoy the best English and German love-songs, which some of my more sophisticated friends call silly. I have recently found amusement in "The Day of the Dog," and interest in the "House of Mirth"; I can kill time, when it seems to deserve killing, by reading "The House of a Thousand Candles." So I feel that my taste and judgment are still fairly sound.

Under these conditions, which approach quite too near those of the desert island, who are my favorite authors? After doing my best to estimate the facts correctly, I am convinced that Shakespeare and Milton are more to me that any other—yes, than all other authors combined. They satisfy most completely my varying moods. Fortunately, I am so familiar with their works that I do not have to read them, but can recall characters, scenes, and passages almost at will; and the same is true of several other writers. So as I sit alone, Sir Toby and Jaques are my club companions. In my happier moments, Perdita and Florizel, Rosalind and Orlando, and the cheerful pictures from "L'Allegro" serve as a perpetual delight. In my more serious moods, when the harder problems of human conduct perplex me, Shakespeare and Milton give more help toward a solution satisfactory to myself than any other writers I know. Where else is there so wise a criticism of life? Where else such high standards for human action? In Brutus, in Hamlet as I conceive him, in Cordelia, and in the Lady in "Comus," I find incentives toward the highest things of which man is capable. If the burden of life becomes too heavy, I gain courage never to submit or yield from Samson Agonistes and Satan, who to me is a literary—not a theological character. And in the deep despondency of my broken and blasted life, I find nowhere more solace than in the passage of "Lycidas" beginning, "Alas! what boots it." These two authors, therefore, are my chief sources of pleasure, of intellectual interest, of endurance, and of consolation. They respond to my best moods and contribute to my sorest needs. How should they not be my favorites?

I think I notice, too, that in my weaker moments I turn to other writers. When, in rebellious moods, I abandon my best ideals to revel in the worse things of life; when I consciously strive to make the worse appear the better reason; when I feel contempt rather than respect for mankind, I find plenty of food for this bitter fancy in "Vanity Fair," "Faust," "Manfred," "Don Juan," and "Maud," not to mention innumerable others. Perhaps Chaucer's good-natured ridicule will bring me back to my better self; for in Chaucer, as in Shakespeare and Milton, things are generally valued at their real worth.

Asked why I value Milton and Shakespeare more highly than you seem to think most people do, I should say that it is probably because I know them better. The casual reader or playgoer knows little more of the great dramatist than may be learned from Lamb's "Tales." I have studied my favorites until their works are pregnant with what seems to me deep meaning. It matters little whether I have got this meaning from the works, or have read it into them; for me the meaning is there. Moreover, I have reflected on this meaning until it seems of almost world-wide application.

So, persuaded by my own experience, I hold with Matthew Arnold that he who seeks the most and best from literature will find it only in the works of the greatest authors. If he fail to find it, is it not largely his own fault? T. W. Cowgill.

Reno, Nev., September 7.

MORE OKLAHOMA REFORMS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The other States of the Union profess to furnish free tuition, collegiate as well as primary and secondary; but it has remained for the aggressive new State of Oklahoma to throw open the doors of her colleges and normal schools without any distinction between residents of the State and visitors from outside, and absolutely without a cent of charge to students in any form—no incidental fee, no guarantee fee, no library fee, no laboratory fee, and most startling of all, no charge for individual instruction in music, vocal or instrumental.

All of these State schools have elaborately constituted departments of music, with faculties decidedly better trained than the average of their colleagues in other departments; and the placing of music on the free list, a plan put into operation for the first time with the beginning of the current school year, is an opportunity which students are taking advantage of with great enthusiasm. At the Southwestern Normal School, for example, with five teachers in the music department, out of a faculty totalling some twenty-five, every music-teacher has every period of his day filled, and the waiting list is appalling in length, while the teachers in the Normal School proper are very indifferently patronized. Time only will show whether it is practicable for an institution to furnish gratuitous individual instruction.

R. T. House.

Weatherford, Okla.

THE MEANING OF "CHAUFFEUR."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I do not know who originated the title of "chauffeur" as applied to the driver of an automobile. The name is certainly appropriate, and the chauffeurs of the present day possess the qualities which made their prototypes famous. Balzac, in "L'Envers de l'histoire contemporaine," says:

Here you will need a few words of explanation as to an association which made a great noise in its day. I mean that of the raiders known as the chauffeurs. These brigands pervaded all the western provinces. Nocturnal raids were frequent. These bands of destroyers were the terrors of the country. I am not exaggerating when I tell you that in some departments the arm of justice was practically paralyzed.

The modern chauffeurs certainly equal or excel their predecessors, and the arm of justice is still paralyzed.

Geo. A. Torrey.

Boston, September 10.

THE SPRINGFIELD RIOT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The action of the grand jury in laying the blame for the riot at Springfield, Ill., so largely on the local police force is about as reasonable as to lay the blame for the loss of a battle on the private soldier. The question of leadership is ignored. While it is true that most policemen, when put to the test; are physically brave, they are not political philosophers or stern moralists. Directly or indirectly, they are instructed what to see and hear and what not to see or hear—the penalty for indiscreet use of eyes and ears, for misplaced inquisitiveness, or reforming zeal, being dismissal or banishment to undesirable posts. In most American cities of the Springfield type, the local police force is dominated by the politician, or, to be more accurate, by the saloon-keeper-politician-gambler.

The so-called "sporting" element is generally disproportionately large in every State capital. Staid, respectable burghers from country towns, as pointed out inimitably by George Ade in his "Fables," are prone to be a bit skittish when away from the trammels of home life. Being lawmakers, they regard themselves as above and beyond the law—it is really too much to expect the same man to make and obey laws. Besides, the king can do no wrong. Consequently, Policeman X., who may be a very decent sort of fellow, with a wife and family to support, naturally hesitates about

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raiding a certain back room, in spite of ocular and auricular proof that a "little game" is going on there. Nor would it do to be too "brash" about "pulling" a house; you never know whom you might drag out to light. And it would be gross discourtesy to disturb influential legislators who might be enjoying themselves, however boisterously, in a saloon after legal hours of closing. The pay of legislators is small, but for those who like to play the rôle of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde there is the lobbyist who is ever ready to replenish depleted pocketbooks. The net result is that an unusually large and rapacious horde of idle, ignorant, and vicious characters, ruled and supported by the sporting bosses, control the police, paralyze their efficiency, and corrupt their sense of duty.

Now, the lower one goes in the social scale the fiercer the spirit of envy and malice against those who are more fortunate. This fact Mr. Hearst appreciates, and he harps on that string. If the successful person, who has raised himself to comparative comfort by his own self-denial and thrift, happens to be of another race—a black or a yellow man—the rage of the unthrifty, lazy, and vicious white knows no bounds. His impulse is to crush his alien rival by physical means—or, in plain language, to murder him at the first opportunity. The negro, on the other hand, it must be confessed, displays little tact in his emancipated position of legal equality with the white man; in too many cases, especially where the blacks are in a numerical majority, he is prone to show that he regards himself as even a little better than the white man, especially in public places; while his beastly proclivities, when under the influence of liquor, alarm and horrify whites of every class. Add to all this the fact that, in common opinion at least, our criminal procedure is slow, uncertain, antiquated, and absurdly lenient towards the criminal—and we have all the necessary ingredients for a tremendous social explosion.

The ultimate cause of the Springfield riot is, in my opinion, race antipathy. The immediate cause was bad municipal government. But if we probe a little further, we shall find that the cause of bad government is our practice of reposing too much political power in unfit hands—the vicious, unproductive, incapable rabble.

VERAX.

Chicago, September 17.

MR. BRYAN AS A TARIFF REFORMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am much surprised to note in the *Nation* of August 27, p. 173, the editorial statement that Mr. Bryan "never cared about tariff reform." As a resident of Nebraska for several years, I was in a position to observe Mr. Bryan's early career at close range, and I should say that during those years he appeared—I do not assume to fathom the secret inclinations of his heart—to be profoundly interested in tariff reform, almost to the exclusion of all other political topics. Perhaps this country has never seen a more signal victory, won through the personal appeal of a single individual, on any political battlefield than that in which he converted an adverse majority of nearly 6,000 into a majority of about that number in his favor, the issue being the tariff question to the almost entire exclusion of every other. And has it been forgotten that he made a speech in Congress upon the tariff question in 1892 which was pronounced by the New York *Times* the ablest which had been delivered for many years—an opinion in which there was quite general concurrence? Is it not possibly a little hypercritical to say that he has not understood the subject, in view of the cant and platitudes that have been heard on the floor of Congress and from candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency in treating of the tariff? One does not need to be versed in the whole field of political economy in order to demonstrate the iniquities of our present system. Whatever Mr. Bryan's qualifications, few men have ever spoken more effectively on the subject to the average voter.

Equally ill-considered, as it seems to me, are your comments upon the inconstancy and inconsistency of Bryan. On the other hand, his self-sufficiency and extraordinary tenacity of purpose seem to many to be serious defects. We would hardly speak of Cleveland's inconstancy because he treated the financial question as of supreme importance when he called the special session in 1893. And in 1896 the financial question seemed to be of supreme importance. Bryan's contention for free silver was largely on the ground that it would add substantially to the volume of the currency; as that volume has increased, through other causes, far beyond his dreams, it would be absurd, from his point of view, to deem it still a leading issue.

You also say that real tariff revision will not come until the people are indignant. Are they to show their indignation by voting the Republican ticket when, with the new and sinister phrase about "a reasonable profit to the American producer" in its platform and in the speech of acceptance of its candidate, it proclaims the obligation of the nation to guarantee success to a privileged class? In connection with the promise of the Republican candidate to call a special session of Congress in the event of his election, you appropriately comment on the slow progress which could be made in enacting tariff laws, but you do not speak of the fact that there is no promise of real revision. We can easily picture to ourselves the smile of derision on the face of Speaker Cannon when that message is received—or any other similar message during the next four years. It will then be said as the American *Economist* says now, that there is not "a word or syllable in this tariff plank that tends to furnish the slightest crumb of comfort" to the advocates of "tariff revision downward."

The bogey of Bryanism may furnish motives for voting for Taft, but there can be nothing more fatuous than to expect tariff reform after we have solemnly decided to waive it for the present.

FRANK W. LEWIS.

Worcester, Mass., September 18.

A STATEMENT FROM PROFESSOR COE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial article "An Educational Paradox," in your issue of September 17, is based upon a misapprehension as to facts. I am having no difficulty "with the Methodists at Northwestern University," and I have never had any. During the seventeen years that I have been a member of the Northwestern faculty I have never been conscious of any inclination on the part of its administrative authorities to restrict my freedom of speech. I have uttered my views frankly and fully, and without rebuke. As far as I know, there has been no attempt even to influence by utterances. Nor is there any difficulty of any other kind between myself and any person or persons connected with the university.

I assume that you have relied for your facts upon an article in the Chicago *Record-Herald*, or else upon a condensation of it that was sent out, as I suppose, by the Associated Press. The criticisms there referred to as having been passed upon an article of mine that touches upon the subject of conversion were not made within university circles at all, but by certain clergymen at a camp meeting. Such criticisms do not in any manner affect my relations to Northwestern University or my plans for the future.

At Northwestern there are no such "student leagues" as you describe, nor are such activities as you ascribe to these leagues practised by any other group or organization.

Your article, therefore, does injustice to the university, and, I believe, to American higher education in general. When academic freedom is really denied or endangered, I trust that you will raise your voice. But in this case fair play demands that you do what you can to counteract the injurious impression that your article fosters.

I may add that the report that I have accepted a chair in Union Theological Seminary is unauthorized and untrue. It subjects me, and no doubt the authorities of Union Theological Seminary, to annoyance that seems scarcely deserved.

GEORGE A. COE.

Evanston, Ill., September 19.

[We regret that the widely published report that Professor Coe was to leave Northwestern and come to the Union Theological Seminary should have misled us. We did not, however, say that he had been criticised by the authorities of the institution; our point was that attacks from outside ministers, the fathers of students, and others of the clientèle of a university might make a professor feel freer to speak his mind in a theological seminary.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Among the books on the autumn list of the Century Co. are: "Egypt and Its Monuments," by Robert Hichens; "The Red City," a continuation of "Hugh Wynne," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; "The Book of the Pearl," by G. F. Kunz and C. H. Stevenson; "Whistler in Venice," by O. H. Bacher; "The Mystery of the Pinckney Draught," by C. C. Nott; "The World I Live In," by Helen Keller; "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill"; "The American College," by Abraham Flexner; and "The Age of Mental Virility," by W. A. N. Dorland.

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From the Macmillan Company we are to have several books of considerable importance: "Lollardy and the Reformation in England," 2 vols., by Dr. James Gairdner; "The Ancient Greek Historians," by Prof. John Bury; "The County Lieutenancies and the Army, 1803-1814," by J. W. Fortescue; "Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero," by W. Warde Fowler; and "William Morris" (English Men of Letters), by Alfred Noyes.

The third, and concluding, part of Molmenti's monumental history of Venice is soon to be brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co. in two volumes. The translation, as of the four earlier volumes, is by Horatio F. Brown.

Harpers announce a volume of critical essays on "Magazine Writing and the New Literature," by Henry Mills Alden, who has been editor of *Harper's Monthly* for forty years. No doubt he has gathered together a number of the papers that have appeared in the "Editor's Study."

Two new volumes, promised by the Oxford University Press, will be a welcome addition to the Library of Prose and Poetry: "Selected Poems of William Barnes," edited and annotated by Thomas Hardy, and "Selected Poems of John Clare," edited by Arthur Symons.

Richard Burton, professor of English literature at the University of Minnesota, has three new books—essays, verse, and fiction—to be published by Little, Brown & Co. The novel, called "Three of a Kind," comes out this week.

Small, Maynard & Co. have taken over the edition de luxe of "The Poems of Madison Cawein," in five volumes with an introduction by Edmund Gosse.

Richmond, Va., is planning again to start the great magazine of the South. A charter has been granted to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which expects to begin in January.

"Wycliffe and the Lollards," by J. C. Carrick, one of the volumes of The World's Epochmakers (Charles Scribner's Sons), is another series book and a typical specimen. We are reminded of certain other biographies in which the puzzle was to find the name of the person whose life was being described. In this volume of three hundred pages it would be a generous estimate to say that one-third of the space is given to Wycliffe and the Lollards. The rest is filled with grand generalizations, analogies, more or less fanciful, and long historical, literary, topographical, and other digressions, which display the author's encyclopædic knowledge, but do not advance the reader's acquaintance with his nominal subject. A great part of this apparatus is devoted to showing up the scandals, past and present, of the Romish Church, an ungrateful task at best, and one which, after all, does not materially illumine the career of John Wycliffe. Mr. Carrick seems to have read Lechler's "Life of Wicliffe," and to have drawn liberally from it, but otherwise we get hardly an indication as to his sources of information. There is nothing to show that he has read anything of Wycliffe's writing in the original or given any serious thought to following out the tangled thread of his theological argument. To this slipshod method as to material corresponds an equally careless presentation. Apparently no adequate proof-reading was thought of—otherwise we could hardly explain the frequency of repetition of incidents and phrases and the continual employment of school-boy English. A slovenly index forms a worthy conclusion to a book which has no real reason for being.

The Historical Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain has continued its calendar of the manuscripts of the Marquess of Ormonde by the issue of the fifth volume of the New Series, covering the correspondence of the first duke for the years 1679 to 1681. The Ormonde papers at Kilkenny Castle were among the first of the private collections to be taken up by the commission, but no attempt at a systematic calendaring was made until the New Series was inaugurated in 1902, since which time the work has gone steadily forward. Carte in his life of Ormonde made extensive use of the duke's earlier letters, but dealt less liberally with the period of the present volume. The editors have therefore felt themselves justified in including elaborate extracts from the papers of these two years. As readers of Carte's biography are aware, the period is not one of special importance in the crowded life of the illustrious cavalier, and it cannot be said that the material here noted is of striking significance, either for English or for Irish history. Details of Irish government, comments on politics and political intrigues in England, gossip of a sporting character from Newmarket and elsewhere, private happenings in the lives of Ormonde and his friends, and references to the careers of his sons, particularly of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, whose premature death in 1680 was generally deplored, make up the bulk of the volume. The principal topic of political interest is the Exclusion Bill, and we get frequent glimpses of two men, intimately associated with that piece of legislation, the Duke of York and the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose careers are of importance in our colonial history. A few details are given also of the early history of Richard Earl of Bellomont, when simply Capt. Richard Coote. The correspondence in general is distinctly entertaining, but does not go deeply into affairs of any great moment.

"Essays in Municipal Administration," by John A. Fairlie (The Macmillan Co.), consists of various essays and addresses which the author has produced since 1898. In general it is a servicable and informing compend, touching various phases of city history, organization, and administration. Departing somewhat from the author's grouping of the various articles, we may classify them under three heads. There is first a series which discusses mainly the organization, actual or ideal, of American cities; second, a descriptive series, devoted chiefly to certain important chapters in municipal experimentation; last, a somewhat impressionistic lot of sketches of municipal conditions abroad. The third lot is least in value. They offer the observations of an intelligent traveller who has made a recent tour of British and Continental cities, and who records his impressions of the general character of urban life, government, and activities, without taking the time to confirm by minute inquiry the views obtained by a necessarily rapid survey. The second group recounts with accuracy and fairness such important pieces of municipal history as the street railway struggle in Chicago and the municipalization of electric lighting in Detroit. Especially useful is the essay "Revenue Systems of American and Foreign Cities"—the joint work of the author and Prof. Charles E. Merriam. The first lot of essays, confined mainly to the problem of the organization of American cities and their relation to the State government, conveys no small amount of carefully collected information. In our judgment, however, it fails in not positing more definitely some tangible and specific goal to be aimed at. If Professor Fairlie would take up the cudgels for or against the programme of the National Municipal League, for instance, or would propound some clear-cut plan for the betterment of our "one conspicuous failure," he would contribute more to the end all lovers of good city government have at heart. H. J. Ford's courageous diagnosis, that the organic defect in our municipal organization lies in the almost total disconnection of the executive and legislative departments, and his remedy—"to give the executive complete legislative initiative, with the right to demand a vote on proposed measures"—are mentioned (p. 23) but passed by without acceptance or rejection. We have seemingly progressed far enough in the matter of city government by trial and error to formulate a working hypothesis, and to test the hypothesis and its legitimate deductions in a more free-handed way than Professor Fairlie seems to approve of.

To the long list of books for which cheapened processes of color printing are chiefly responsible may be added: "The Tower of London," painted by John Fulleylove, R. I., and described by Arthur Poyser (The Macmillan Co.). The text, beautifully printed on thick paper with wide margins, consists of an historical sketch, and then descriptions of walks through the Tower, round the Tower, about Tower Hill, and Allhallows Barking by the Tower. This part of the work is competently done, but without special distinction of style. The pictures are pretty, fortunately in rather subdued colors, but without notable excellence. Any one who has visited the Tower will enjoy refreshing his recollection by looking at them and dipping into the text.

In these days when so many bookish essays are written by thin-blooded ladies and painful male egotists, one feels a distinct relief in perusing the "social and comfortable" discourses of "De Quibus" by William H. Taylor (Richmond: The Bell Book and Stationery Co.). Dr. Taylor writes not out of a library, but out of his own experiences as a quondam pedagogue, on "Old-Time Schooling"; as a Confederate surgeon, on personal reminiscences of the civil war; as a practising physician, on "Our Noble Profession"; as a professor in the Medical College of Virginia, on "Science and the Soul," "The Occult," "Radium," etc.; as coroner of the city of Richmond, on "The Burial of Ophelia"; as an impregnable old bachelor, on "Woman." On this last subject it must be confessed that he is guilty of bad taste in combining a medical and Schopenhauerian form of cynicism with squashiness. In philosophy and religion Dr. Taylor was an unaggressive skeptic till the "insolent attempt of ecclesiasticism to revive its defunct authority over science" put him at odds with the

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"mediæval village" of Richmond. His political sympathies are loyally Southern; he hopes that some Milton will write an "Apotheosis of Rebellion." In education he is a devoted champion of the sciences, and he resents the fact that "with the majority of people the ideal man of learning is one who has swamped his brain amid the soggy lumber that has drifted down to us out of the smash-up of antiquity." Yet withal one feels that he is a humane man; he has a good fund of humor and anecdote, considerable power of phrase-making, and an easy, readable style, rising now and then to whimsical pathos and even eloquence.

"The Last of the Plainsmen," by Zane Grey (The Outing Co.), is professedly an attempt to give the reader a realistic impression of "Buffalo Jones," known to readers of Western border literature for his efforts to preserve the American bison from extinction and for his service as warden in the Yellowstone National Park. With little but a book knowledge of the life into which he was plunging, Mr. Grey visited Jones on his buffalo ranch on the northern rim of the Grand Cañon of Arizona, and accompanied him on a hunting trip, the object of which was the capture of living specimens of cougar, or mountain lion. Of course the camera was along, but since the author appears to have been as much of a novice in its use for such purposes as in other experiences of the expedition, his illustrations are but a tame accompaniment to his text. As to the latter, cougar hunting on the confines of the Arizona Grand Cañon is so full of possibilities that one feels cautious about charging exaggeration, though Professor James's "will to believe" needs occasionally to be called into vigorous action. The air of hero worship which marks the author's whole treatment of Jones is so pronounced that one can hardly read without suspecting an unconscious over-coloring. Mr. Grey is never dull in his narrative, but one tires of the undue straining after verbal effect in the descriptive bits with which his story is interlarded.

One of the last of Prof. Friedrich Paulsen's articles is in the *Internationale Wochenschrift* of Berlin, No. 33, entitled "Eine neue deutsche Universität im Osten." It is an earnest plea for the transformation of the present Akademie in Posen into a full university. It is of interest to see that Paulsen deplores the growth of such "monster universities," as he terms Berlin, Munich, and Leipzig, and hopes that such a new institution in Posen will relieve particularly Berlin. He is convinced that such a university would do for German culture in Poland what Strasburg has done in Alsace-Lorraine since 1870. Paulsen declares that it is high time to establish more universities in Germany, as there has been only one new one since the war with France, although the population of the country has increased fully 70 per cent. since that time.

A new quarterly, *Zeitschrift für Politik*, is being published by Carl Heymann of Berlin, and edited by Prof. Richard Schmidt of Freiburg-im-B., and Dr. Adolf Grabowsky of Berlin.

Peter Rosegger's new work, "Volksreden über Fragen und Klagen, Zagen und Wagen der Zeit" (Berlin: W. E. Kantorowicz), is a collection of sixteen addresses on some of the problems and perplexities of the times. He discusses, for example, the Catholic Church of the future, the education of girls, and militarism.

"Geschichte der deutschen Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts und der Gegenwart," by E. Engel (Leipzig: F. Tempsky & G. Freitag), a substantial volume of 528 pages, with seventy-six illustrations and reproductions of twenty manuscripts, is really a separate edition of the third and concluding volume of the author's larger work, "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur von den Anfängen, bis zur Gegenwart," which, originally published in 1906, has recently reached its third edition.

The Neue Leipziger Klassiker Ausgaben (Leipzig: M. Hesse) contain at a low price leading classics, edited by recognized scholars. Lately there have been issued the Select Works of Matthias Claudius, one large volume edited by Dr. G. Behrmann; Select Works of Dante, 4 volumes, edited by R. Zoozmann; Complete Works of Ferdinand Freiligrath, 10 volumes, edited by L. Schröder; the "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" of the Grimm brothers, edited by H. Wolgast; Select Works of Karl Simrock, 10 volumes, edited by G. Klee.

The publication house of Eugen Diederichs, Jena, has established a special department for the literature of Modernism. German translations of the writings of several French and Italian Modernists have already appeared. A series of brochures by German scholars, advocating reformed Catholicism, is also announced.

"Anticlericus: Eine Laientheologie auf geschichtlicher Grundlage, by Friedrich Andersen (Schleswig: Begas), is a solid volume of more than six hundred pages, in which the author, a pastor in Flensburg, and confessedly a convert of Chamberlain's "Grundlagen des 19. Jahrhunderts," outdoes his master in his radical views of modern religious problems. He finds in the Christianity of history practically only a *pia fraus* of the clergy; and his appeal is for a deliverance of the Church from the Judaistic spirit that has corrupted the original Christianity of the Founder.

The latest volume in the series Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr) is by Dr. I. Benzinger, now engaged in research in Jerusalem. "Wie wurden die Juden das Volk des Gesetzes?" The purpose is to answer the question as to how the Israelites came into possession of their highly developed legal system. Dr. Benzinger answers this question with constant references to the results of archæological investigation in Babylon.

F. Heman, in his "Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes seit der Zerstörung Jerusalems" (Kalw and Stuttgart: Vereinsbuchhandlung), furnishes in a single volume of 600 pages an ample account of the Jews, with more details than most compendious histories. The work is characterized by an earnest effort at impartiality. In an introductory chapter the author describes the history of Oriental Judaism down to the times of Islam. Then come two chapters on the Judaism of the Occident; one on the Jews and Islam, and another, naturally much longer, on the Jews in Spain under Arabian and Christian supremacy; then separate chapters on the Jews in France, England, Italy, Germany, Poland; a comprehensive chapter on the Jews of the East; and two chapters on the Jews of modern times.

H. Böhmer, in "Die Jesuiten" (Leipzig: Teubner), depicts in outline, but vividly and on the basis of independent sources, the story of the founder and of the organization of the Jesuit order, of its rapid growth in all Europe, its subsequent decay, and its reëstablishment and present influence at the Vatican.

Among recent Lutherana mention should be made of E. Lessing's "Martin Luther als deutscher Klassiker" (Hamburg: Verlag der deutschen Dichter-Gedächtnis-Stiftung), a selection from Luther's poetical compositions and most popular prose writings; R. Neubauer's "Martin Luther: Eine Auswahl aus seinen Schriften in alter Sprachform, nebst Einleitungen und Erläuterungen," in two volumes (Halle: Waisenhaus). This latter work is especially valuable to the student of Luther's language.

The Amtskalender für evangelische Geistliche, by Pastor J. Schneider, of Elberfeld, a standard work containing detailed information regarding the Protestant churches of Germany, has just made its appearance for the year 1909—the thirty-sixth volume of this annual (Gütersloh: C. Bertelsmann).

Stockholms Dagblad for August 23 is a "Swedish-American number," and contains several articles about the Swedes in this country. Among them is a symposium by several Americans of Swedish descent in reply to the question addressed to them by the editor of the paper: "How can Swedish culture best be retained among the Swedes in America, and how can the tie between them and the land of their ancestors be strengthened?" Among those whose replies have been published are Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell, ex-Gov. Lind of Minnesota, Dr. E. Norelius, president of the Augustana Synod; Dr. J. A. Enander, editor of *Hemlandet* in Chicago, and J. O. E. Trotz of the American Steel and Wire Company, Worcester, Mass. Nearly all the writers agree that Swedish culture as such cannot have any future among immigrants from Sweden, because most of them do not belong to the cultivated classes, and the culture which they, especially the younger generation, derive here, is American. The object of the emigrant from Sweden is to better his economic condition, and this he will do most successfully if he regards himself simply as an American citizen, and lets his earlier associations take the second place. Among the proposed means of bringing about a closer connection between the Swedes in America and in Sweden we notice warmer encouragement of the Swedish press in America, especially on the cultural side; exchange of professors between Swedish and American universities; a further development of the Swedish singing societies; visits by prominent Swedes to this country, both for the purpose of familiarizing themselves with conditions here and of lecturing among the Swedish settlements, and greater political and religious liberty in Sweden.

H. Aschehoug & Co. of Christania, Norway, have just sent out the first two fascicles of an illustrated history of Norway from the oldest prehistoric times to the year 1905, in a treatise that promises to

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be at the same time popular and authoritative. The work, which has been under preparation for several years, has been entrusted to six of the foremost historical scholars of the country: A. Bugge, A. Taranger, G. Nielsen, and J. E. Sars, all professors in the university. E. Hertzberg, chief archivarist of the kingdom, and O. A. Johnson, one of the most promising of the younger historians. The publishers promise that the work, which will comprise six volumes (about 5,000 pages), will be completed in about five years.

The Deichmanske Bibliothek in Christiania has issued the first instalment of a Norwegian "Poole," covering over 4,000 articles on Norwegian topography in seventy-five periodicals, arranged alphabetically under names of localities. It is the intention of the librarian, Haakon Nyhuus, to issue at least one more part, containing articles on biography in the same, and perhaps a few more periodicals. For the preparation of the whole index he looks rightly to coöperation of all the larger Norwegian libraries.

The Imperial Academy of Science in St. Petersburg has decided to issue in parts appearing at irregular intervals an Encyclopædia of Slavic Philology in the Russian language, under the editorship of Prof. V. Jagic. There will be in all five or six large volumes. A beginning has been made with Part xii., containing a sketch of Russian literature from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, by Prof. E. Budde. Parts i. and ii. are promised for the near future. The Voss Sortiment Buchhandlung of Leipzig is the agent for Western Europe.

F. H. M. Blaydes, the well-known classical scholar, has died at Southsea, England, in his ninetieth year. Dr. Blaydes edited the entire works of Aristophanes, with Latin notes, besides editing plays of the tragedians, and publishing volumes of "Adversaria." He treated his texts with a free hand, after the manner of scholars of his day.

Prof. Charles Wesley Bishell, professor of the history of theology at Boston University School of Theology since 1895, and assistant dean since 1904, died at Salisbury, Mass., September 21. Born in Pennsylvania in 1850, he studied both in America and Europe in preparation for the Methodist ministry. For a number of years he held pastorates. Among his writings are: "The History of Christianity (1891), "The Official Recognition of Women in the Church" (1892), "The Higher Criticism" (1893), "The Foundations of Christian Faith" (1899), and "The Child as God's Child" (1904).

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

A History of the Peninsular War. By Charles Oman. Vol. III. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.75 net.

Professor Oman's ubiquity is amazing. In the brief interval of less than five years which has elapsed since the publication of the second volume of his "Peninsular War," he has given us a portly work of over 500 pages on fifteenth-century England, a special treatise on the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, a brilliantly witty scene (in verse) in the Oxford Historical Pageant, not to speak of countless reviews and minor articles. He has also made considerable progress with his volume on Anglo-Saxon England, the first of the set of six comprised in the collaborate history of that country which has been appearing since 1905 under his own general editorship. And now comes the third instalment of his *magnum opus*, covering the sixteen crucial months of the Peninsular War, from Talavera to Santarem (August, 1809-December, 1810)—a reminder that the author is quite as much at home in the nineteenth century as in the Middle Ages, on the Continent as in England, and, furthermore, that he is preëminently a military rather than a narrative or constitutional historian. In his inaugural lecture at the time of his election to the Chichele professorship in 1906, and elsewhere, Professor Oman has laid down certain fundamental maxims for historians: They should work, perpetually work, cram every spare minute with work; they can find their best recreation in a change of work; though they must never cease to strive for absolute accuracy, they must not shrink from production for fear of inevitable errors of detail. His most hostile critic will scarcely venture to deny that he has practised what he preached, though there are many who feel that his marvellous fecundity has been purchased at great sacrifice of the complementary virtues of scholarly care and deliberation.

However that may be, it is fair to say that evidences of undue haste and superficiality are unusually few in the present volume. They crop out occasionally in careless phraseology. The splendid description of the lines of Torres Vedras, for example, is marred by a most bewildering use of the terms "secondary" and "second" line of defence, to denote the outer or northernmost works from Alhandra to the Zizandre, and the next line, further south from Quintella to the Sao Lourenço, which protected the final semi-circular entrenchment at St. Julians and Oyeras. This confusion in the account of the lines is, moreover, considerably increased by inaccurate and self-contradictory statements in regard to the eight sections into which they were subdivided.

Such instances of careless use of words are, however, comparatively rare; and, what is more to the point, the evidences of painstaking and thorough research, and of sane and unbiassed judgment are clear on every page. The author has not only studied the standard authorities, both in manuscript and type, with unwearied diligence; he has also tapped three sources hitherto unknown—the private papers of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, quartermaster-general of the Portuguese army under Marshal Beresford; the correspondence of Nicholas Trant and John Wilson, two enterprising leaders in the Portuguese campaign, to whom was entrusted the important task of cutting off Masséna's communications with Spain and France; and the letters of Gen. John Gaspar Le Marchant, who fell at Salamanca. Furthermore, he has twice visited in person the scenes he describes, and is therefore able to furnish many topographical details of the highest value. His judgments on isolated battles and campaigns have been, and doubtless will continue to be, called in question by military critics, but there can be little doubt that the justice of his verdicts, taken as a whole, will be confirmed. Certainly, their sanity, breadth, and freedom from prejudice will command general respect. To French foe and much traduced Spanish and Portuguese ally he is alike unvaryingly fair. The faults of the Napoleonic strategy, the impossibility of dealing with the Spanish problem *de loin* without a single commander-in-chief on the spot, and the hopeless difficulties which stared the different heads of the six military governments in the face, are vividly portrayed (the story of Foy's two interviews with Napoleon at Paris on November 21 and 24, 1810, pp. 456-61, is a case in point); and many previous hostile verdicts on the generalship (not the character) of Masséna and of some of his colleagues have in consequence been considerably modified. The importance and value of the aid of the Spanish and Portuguese levies are correctly estimated and frankly acknowledged: if indocile and hard to coöperate with, they were certainly heroic, both in bearing the stress of actual battle and in suffering necessary privation and desolation of house and home in the intervals. Even the lines of Torres Vedras would not have saved Portugal and Europe from the domination of Napoleon, had they not been supplemented by systematic ravaging of the country about Masséna's camp, and by surrounding the French army with a light screen of irregular troops, which cut its communications, and prevented its foraging far afield. Of these two indispensable supplementary measures, Portugal endured the one, and undertook the other, and by so doing turned the tide. These facts have never before been fairly recognized by English historians, who almost without exception have blindly followed and shared the prejudices of Napier. In the preface to his first volume Professor Oman observed the striking similarity between the position and value of this great writer's "History of the Peninsular War" and those of Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion." It is high time, and only fair to Professor Oman to remark, that, if his book continues as it has begun, it promises to bear to the former work, at least as far as the military side of the subject is concerned, a relation similar

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to that which Gardiner's "History of England" occupies to the latter.

The events recorded in the present volume form not only the central crisis of the Peninsular war, but also the turning-point of the entire Napoleonic struggle:

> The high-water mark of French conquest in Europe was reached on the knoll by Sobral (the nearest Masséna got to piercing the Lines of Torres Vedras) on the wet and gusty 14th of October, 1810. (P. 436.)

The retreat which began a month later did not end till French soil was reached in 1814—indeed, in a larger sense, it did not end till Waterloo. On the Portuguese campaign, therefore, Professor Oman has concentrated his best efforts—the other operations in northern, eastern, and southern Spain are properly treated as mere side-issues of the great contest. Even in his account of these the careful reader will discover a deal of new information, as well as considerable revision of older verdicts. The story of the heroic defence of Gerona by Alvarez (whom Professor Oman places in some respects above Palafox) is particularly fresh and valuable. The description of the political situation and of the Cortes of Cadiz leaves something to be desired, and more might have been said concerning the effect of the creation of the six military governments in arousing the Spanish patriots to renewed efforts to expel the invaders; but, as Professor Oman's history is essentially military, one must not complain of omissions of this sort. Certainly the treatment of the central drama—the Wellington-Masséna duel in Portugal—could scarcely be improved, and only in matters of detail. Every page, from Junot's preliminary movements about Astorga, through the great columnar attack at Bussaco and the long wait before the lines, to the retreat and deadlock at Santarem is vivid and thrillingly interesting, and deserves to be ranked with the very best work that military historians have ever produced.

It seems ungracious to close a review of this able and brilliant volume with a complaint about the index, more especially as Professor Oman tells us in his preface that it was done by another as a labor of love. But it is impossible to deny, and really only fair to Professor Oman to add, that it is utterly inadequate, and, like all inadequate indexes, in some respects worse than no index at all, because it naturally leads the unsuspecting reader to the very erroneous conclusion that the omission from it of the name of a place or person indicates that that place or person is not dealt with in the body of the work. Certainly, such an assumption would be exceedingly rash in this particular case. It is to be earnestly hoped that, when Professor Oman's last volume is completed, an index to the entire set may be prepared which will be worthy of the author and his great subject.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Land of the Living. By Maude Radford Warren. New York: Harper & Bros.

Into the oft-told tale of ward politics in Chicago the author has infused some new effects by making it at the same time a study of two phases of the Celtic nature—the idealizing and the domineering. Not only are there a dreamer and a boss, but to a certain extent the boss is a dreamer; and though he recognizes the futility of visions in practical politics, he sets his affections on a boy who is a thoroughgoing idealist. The heroine, too, an impoverished Irish aristocrat, unites an intelligent interest in politics with the standards of a visionary. The reformer, Irish as well, has both dreams and ambitions; but he falls so easily, so abruptly, and before such clumsy temptations, that he can hardly be counted a success as either a reformer or a race-study. Wexford County, more or less remotely, furnishes these four characters; Chicago the remainder. Among the latter stands prominent a stenographer, who, threatening to be like many another slangy girl of fiction, rises to a heroic height before we have done with her.

If the hero and heroine were not steadfast in lofty ideals, the author might be thought to hold a brief for machine politics. Her vulgar millionaire is made to say: "There never was a reformer yet that wasn't an inverted boss." But, on the other hand, the dreamer's dreams come true.

The Four Philanthropists. By Edgar Jepson. New York: Cupples & Leon Co.

A bit of whimsical extravagance in the vein which Stevenson struck with his Suicide Club—if, indeed, it does not lead back to De Quincey and Swift, or farther. Three men about town, about London, that is, and a young girl whom one of them succors in distress and subsequently passes off as his sister, constitute themselve a General Philanthropic Removing Company. The object of the company is to "remove" as many Enemies of Humanity as possible, and incidently to secure subscriptions for a children's hospital in which one of their number, the bland chronicler himself, is interested. The chief means they plan to employ are a sand-bag and a "portable lethal chamber," or noose-bag, to be loaded with chloroform and clapped over the head of the given enemy. The reasoning by which this band of amateur thugs, blackmailers, and kidnappers justify their operations is ingenious and entertaining. Their plans do not altogether succeed; in fact, they fail to remove any one, in the most thoroughgoing sense. But the wages of their activity, such as it is, suffice to endow the hospital, and the enterprise is abandoned to the satisfaction of all concerned. The narrative is well-sustained, and, with its avoidance of mere facetiousness, is a bit of agreeable fooling.

Brunhilda of Orr's Island. By William Jasper Nicolls. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

A small salt aquarelle of Maine, expanded into scenic dimensions by the help of landscape, athletics, and love-making, with a contrasting touch of New York and the world of fashion. The padding has accomplished its work, and the result is an amiable little story which in shunning depth has also escaped sentimentality. Innocuousness having fallen largely into desuetude, a story all tidiness is acceptable. The author's touch is prettily light and swift, bearing down most heavily, perhaps, in his humorous moments. But who would be harsh with the dispenser of an hour's salt and piny joys spent in the society of an ardent yachtsman, an island houri, an old tar, and other amphibians?

The Wayfarers. By Mary Stewart Cutting. New York: The McClure Co.

Mrs. Cutting's short stories, pleasing as they have been, hardly prepare one for the sustained interest of this novel—her first, we believe. It is not by any means a closely constructed work. A hundred details have no bearing on the main plan. These must be taken on their own merits—and they have them—of insight, of humor, of pungency. Where so much is faithful to life one need not ask that all shall be structural. It is a story of human relations; and the minutiæ which Mrs. Cutting's eye and understanding have conveyed to her deft hand lend it variety, if not continuity. It concerns an upright and affectionate man involved in business responsibilities; his adoring wife, seen at first in the critical time of "drifting to a place among the great and terrible company of nerve-centred people"; seen at last resisting self-pity, for "she knew now that madness lay that way." Parallel and equally prominent runs the story of a young girl's growth through a series of well-meant mistakes. Readers will be glad to find all ending well after tribulation and pain, with a margin of charity for the defeated.

Theodosia's false lights are wonderfully well elaborated. First, the poor fellow who falls by the way—no deliberate sinner, but one who had "been brought up in one of those small, dull country towns in which all too many of the cleanly, white, God-fearing houses have no home in them for a boy and his friends." And, second, the good-natured, rich, lumpish vulgarian. The true prince is perhaps rather femininely virile,

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rather motivelessly self-denying. The world has perhaps not seen him, but it would be glad to. Throughout, with the difficulties that beset both men and women, the intimacy, the possibility of the fight and the fighters, make it a book of close appeal to those who study life and to those who live.

The Statue. By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

What consideration can have led Mr. Phillpotts to connect his name with a story of this order is a puzzle. As soon expect a Hardy to collaborate with a Haggard, or a James with a Conan Doyle. Mr. Bennett may be recalled as the author of an extravagant tale called "Hugo" (reviewed in these columns January 17, 1907, p. 61), a figment as ingeniously absurd as anything since Stockton. "The Statue" is equally ingenious, but not intentionally absurd. There is no discoverable trace of Mr. Phillpotts in either plot or workmanship. It is the kind of thing the cheap magazines print—a tale of murder and supposed mystery, with suitable embellishment of "love interest." It cannot be said that the mystery is particularly enthralling. The experienced reader of detective fiction will very early discern the rat in the arras. The false scents provided are but faint; and the real question is not Who killed Cock Robin? but Why did Cock Robin build the enormous statue upon whose steps he chanced to be killed? The disclosure produces a thrill hardly adequate to the machinery. The love element is neither more nor less forced than is common in stories of the kind. There is no person in the story who impresses one as anything more than a cog in the rather ineffective machine.

Captain Spink, and Other Sea Comedies. By Morley Roberts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

High slangmaster of the seas Mr. Roberts may be called. And there is, no doubt, a Mesopotamian blessedness in reading of ship-owners who are balmy on the crumpet; of second-best men in the port watch engaged in putting a new seizing on the foot-rope of the starboard yardarm of the fore-t'gall'n' yard; of yarn spinners that 'ave the undiluted to tell the 'ole man surprising tales. Glorying in such "undiluted," the happy reader feels a good deal like the mate in a cyclone—"as if I were screwed up in a four-hundred-gallon tank, about a quarter full of salt water, and sent over Niagara."

It is not only in marine argot, however, that one may admiringly wallow. There are depths and breadths of device that are alluring, once one is launched. The start is a little reluctant, it may be. The first two of the seven stories catch and clog a little on their own humorousness. But with the Adonis captain who sailed to South America to avoid entangling alliances, off we go, skimming merrily over deep seas of invention. Aged Skipper Brodie's revenge for being treated as aged, Younger Skipper Pasco's desire to add experience to his academic knowledge of cyclones, the yachting German prince's misadventures through disregarding the weather, leave one at last in a mood for more, a clear case of endurance blossoming into embrace.

My Day and Generation. By Clark E. Carr. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $3 net.

Clark E. Carr of Illinois, whose seventy years of life extend from Andrew Jackson's administration to the present moment, gives in "My Day and Generation" reminiscences of the men and events that have touched him personally during an active career. Though attaining himself no great eminence, his position admitted him to intimacy with many of the great figures of his time and gave him a part in important movements. During the Civil War he was an energetic upholder of the cause of the Union. Soon after he saw under favorable circumstances the inchoate States of the Pacific slope. In the Reconstruction period he was close to the men who were in the foreground. Appointed later envoy to Denmark, his contacts with great European personages were interesting. He rendered a marked service at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

In the frank and graphic series of sketches, presented with no undue self-obtrusion, we have as the earliest a glimpse of Martin Van Buren, whom Mr. Carr encountered while studying law at Albany, N. Y., in 1857. The worn-out statesman is effectively presented in a few telling sentences. Less fortunate is the reference to Millard Fillmore, an amiable and useful man in his day, who has had hard measure from fate. Our author was familiar with Lincoln from the time of his first emergence from obscurity, and some of his reminiscences are well worth recording. As a delegate to the Baltimore Convention in 1864, when Lincoln was renominated, Mr. Carr was cognizant of a shrewd bit of manœuvring on Lincoln's part through which his party became effectively consolidated—a fine illustration of the President's political astuteness. As regards less eminent figures of the war-time, the notices of Ben Wade, and of Robert G. Ingersoll, changing as a young man from a Douglas Democrat into a strong Republican, are interesting. The most thrilling incident of the special session of Congress in 1861 was the denunciation of John C. Breckenridge by Edward D. Baker, in the Senate. This memorable scene Mr. Carr witnessed from the gallery, and now portrays vividly.

Among post-bellum memories may be mentioned in particular the picture of Benjamin F. Butler, whom Mr. Carr beheld in one day address the Supreme Court in an important case, and denounce with all his acrid power, in the House of Representatives, the men involved in the *Crédit Mobilier* scandal. Garfield inquired excitedly if it was intended to include him in the arraignment. "We speak only good of the dead," snarled Butler, and hurried on rough-shod in his diatribe. An hour or two later in the Court of the District of Columbia, Mr. Carr heard him eloquently defend a man accused of murder, and in the evening round out his day's work by entertaining at a reception in his great house on Capitol Hill with all grace and suavity the notabilities of Washington. This book also throws light on a pleasanter figure, hardly yet estimated at his true value, Rutherford B. Hayes, to whom, as it happened, in 1876, Mr. Carr carried the first authentic news of the action in that critical moment of the electoral commission. Our author delineates in a way especially engaging his relations with the King and Queen of Denmark and their royal and imperial children of England, Russia, and Greece, his position as envoy opening a door for him into august circles. It was not a small service that, as promoter of the "Corn Kitchen" at Paris in 1900, he helped Europe to the knowledge of a valuable food, and America to a good market for a great product.

While Mr. Carr's relations are sometimes scrappy, sometimes tell too little and sometimes too much, they are worth reading, and will be resorted to hereafter by historians on the lookout for character and color.

Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1890. By C. R. L. F. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

In the winter of 1890 Mr. Gladstone paid a week's visit to All Souls College, Oxford. Records and memories of the impression he made on the fellows, his hosts, have been collected by one of them (doubtless Charles R. L. Fletcher, the historian) who describes himself as "an intolerant Tory and strong Erastian." Tory and Erastian indeed is the atmosphere of the All Souls common-room, and Mr. Gladstone's presence there is a theme for comedy. Mallock should have described it, in the vein of "The New Republic." Among C. R. L. F.'s collaborators are A. D. G., H. H. H., W. R. A., T. H. W., C. W. O., and A. C. H., who may be identified as Arthur D. Godley, the spiritual successor of Calverley; the Rev. Herbert H. Henson, now the distinguished Canon of St. Margaret's; Sir William R. Anson, warden of All Souls;

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T. T. Warren, president of Magdalen; Charles W. Oman; and the Rev. Arthur C. Headlam. On none of these gentlemen was the humor of the situation lost, but for their manner of presentation they chose, perhaps inevitably, a half-hearted Boswellianism which balances between suavity in the text and derision in the notes. If we can imagine Boswell become a self-conscious Oxford don, extremely afraid of his eminent friend and yet privately aware of being better informed than he on all topics, we should have had a document like the present, instead of his masterpiece.

It must be frankly said that, with all its enthusiastic acknowledgment of Mr. Gladstone's charm, of his grand manner, his kindness, and simplicity, the book gives strongly the impression of his failing powers, his tendency to talk about what he did not understand, and the inconsistency of a man fundamentally conservative, but driven by circumstances to a liberal policy. Every one who talked with him felt that in returning to Oxford he had unconsciously reverted to the Toryism of his youth:

> It was the chairman of the "Liberal Three Hundred" to whom he said, "I am sure, Sir William, your memory will bear me out in saying that a valuable element was lost to our social life with the disappearance of our noblemen and gentlemen-commoners." He said in my hearing much the same thing to A. H. H. [Arthur Henry Hardinge], who tells me that, when he afterwards mentioned the fact to the late Lord Palmerston, that statesman drily remarked: "When these privileged persons existed, Mr. Gladstone was always urging their abolition."

It pleased the dons, while it staggered them, to hear Gladstone say that in 1830 the Constitution was incapable of improvement and had been but injured by the Reform Bill of 1832; that he disapproved strongly of schemes for the disestablishment of the Welsh Church; and that the Russian ambition to possess Constantinople was "regrettable cupidity." But they wriggled with embarrassment and throttled the desire to set him right when he declared that doctors' fees were not recoverable by law, that Merivale was the authority of the day on Roman history, and that Liddell and Scott give no meaning for πυλάρτης. And the voice of the maiden lady who lurks in the breast of every true don is heard in this comment:

> There is great mobility and play of face, as well as of gesture with the hands, which he is fond of bringing down plump on the table to emphasize a point (not good for our table, which is a very old, thin bit of the finest mahogany).

It cannot be said that any remarkable utterance of the great man is set down in these pages. Good-humored anecdotes, not very racy, of men he had known, reminiscence of the Oxford of his youth, and the like made up the bulk of his table-talk. When there was the remotest chance of rousing the lion, his interlocutors huddled like sheep before him:

> Of course, nobody dared to draw him on politics. . . . Somebody was rash enough to suggest that recent events were not encouraging to capitalists in that country [Ireland]; for a moment the speaker was conscious of being transfixed by a terrible eye; it was only for a moment, but one had the sense of potential annihilation.

The public has lost great store of entertainment because in all that group of scholars there was not one with the heroic Boswell's indifference to "annihilation."

Enterprise and the Productive Process: A Theory of Economic Productivity Presented from the Point of View of the Entrepreneur, and Based upon Definitions, Secured through Deduction, of the Scope and Fundamental Terms of the Science of Economics. By Frederick Barnard Hawley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

It would be hard to mention another work that has appeared within the past three or four years which is freighted with more solid thinking upon economic fundamentals. And this general verdict must be rendered, although dissent be registered upon the proposed transformation of economics advocated by Mr. Hawley. The author has hitherto been known chiefly as the originator and expounder of the Risk Theory of Profits. That theory is evidently the germ from which the present system grew. The validity—at least the qualified validity—of the Risk Theory may be conceded without committing one to making profit the pivot around which the whole economic universe must turn. Economists at one time did not distinguish between the capitalist and the enterpriser. But since Gen. Francis A. Walker's day the function of the capitalist, who owns productive property which he puts at the disposal of the enterpriser, has been sharply contrasted to the specialized work of the enterpriser, who controls the capital which he borrows and with it directs the labor of the operative. But economists are not yet agreed on the distinctive character of the enterpriser's function. That he is a director of men and of processes, and in that capacity receives the equivalent of the wages of superintendence, is admitted. Some contend that in the long run, and apart from a fortuitously favorable market price for his product, the wages of superintendence exhaust his remuneration. Others allow that all but the marginal (or least efficient) enterprisers get something beyond wages of superintendence, in so far as by superior ingenuity in combining labor and materials, and by saving of waste, the more competent enterprisers reduce cost below that of the less efficient competitors who are able to continue producing. Hawley contends that the essential task of the enterpriser, as an *enterpriser*, is distinct from both functions just mentioned; that every undertaking involves a risk wholly distinct from the capitalist's who lends in a risky venture and recoups himself by an interest rate which includes insurance; that this distinct risk is essentially a speculation as to the salability of the product. Profits, therefore, according to Mr. Hawley, are properly the remuneration for the assumption of this peculiar risk. To the extent that his theory posits this particular kind of risk, and insists that there must be a reward for its assumption we give hearty assent. Mr. Hawley is entitled to the credit of disentangling this species of industrial risk from other risks, and of insisting upon its essential import in the theory of profits.

But, unfortunately, as we think, the author of the present volume is not content to set forth with cogency his theory of profits, first expounded by him in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*. He must reshape the entire *corpus economicum*. And this attempt must be pronounced decidedly infelicitous. Despite his very logical analysis of method and his proper insistence on the superiority of the deductive process where it is available, he defines economics in a way that narrowly confines its range to an analysis of production motived by the expectation of profit. All other methods of seeking a livelihood are relegated summarily to a non-economic limbo. Thus we read:

> The influences which make men powerful, skilful, energetic, lead them to be frugal, enable them to detect unappropriated opportunities, or to become more venturesome, are individualistic, and belong to the study of character, and are useful to economics only as data (p. 284).

Not content with this artificial delimitation of economics, he contrives a terminology absolutely new as regards cardinal terms. Capital is defined as "a fund of unexpended power of purchasing, consisting of a mere claim on wealth in general" (p. 287), and it "cannot be what it is invested in" (p. 183). It is true that capital has been so variously defined that, as Senior said long ago, "it may be doubtful whether it have any generally received meaning." But there is no "inherent absurdity," as Mr. Hawley imagines, in capital's being what it is invested in, except for those who adopt Mr. Hawley's newly contrived definition of capital.

The basic objection to this new schematization of economics, however, is that it proceeds from a profit-seeking type of industry as the tap-root of economic conceptions and analyses. The

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true and ultimate source, we believe, must be sought in what is unfortunately termed consumption; that is, in the desires and impulses to enjoy wealth which prompt to every species of economic activity, and which are the ultimate ground of the value-making processes which regulate economic life. To seek the fountain of industrial life in a type, even a dominant type, of production is to begin too far down stream. The true sources lie in the psychological region of individual desire, not in the lower table-lands of associated production.

The Twentieth Century American. By H. Perry Robinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The title of Mr. Robinson's book might lead the intending reader to imagine that he had another volume of observations and impressions, obviously by an Englishman, of contemporary Americans and their ways; and the subtitle—"A Comparative Study of the Peoples of the Two Great Anglo-Saxon Nations"—looks in the same direction. Only remotely, however, does either part of the title describe the book. What Mr. Robinson gives us is an elaborate plea, novel and interesting, if not wholly convincing, for an Anglo-American alliance. Such an alliance, a natural outgrowth of the inherent likeness of the two peoples, would, he believes, insure beyond peradventure the peace of the world. No single Power, nor any combination of Powers, would dare risk a war with the combined forces of Great Britain and the United States, or venture to disregard a clear expression of their joint opinion; while Germany, which Mr. Robinson bluntly declares to be the greatest menace to international peace, particularly in Europe, would be effectually curbed.

The observations on the resemblances and dissimilarities of the English and American characters, offered in defence of this thesis, are often acute and striking. Convinced as he is that an alliance would be welcomed by England if only the United States would cordially suggest it, Mr. Robinson devotes himself, not to a traveller's description of what he has seen or experienced, nor yet to an *a priori* appraisal of American achievements and ideals, but to a discussion of the differences and misunderstandings which alone, in his judgment, prevent the speedy consummation of political union. For one thing, he warns his countrymen that New York city is not the United States, nor even in any degree typical of the country at large; but that, if one is to understand the characteristics of the American people, the West, the Pacific Coast, the South, and the country as well as the city, must be included in the survey. Especially good is his exposition of American energy and aggressiveness as only the inevitable outgrowth of successful struggle with nature on a vast scale—a success which engenders the confident belief, so rasping to Europeans, that Americans are always right, and can do whatever they choose. If the pages devoted to some of the peculiarities of American politics, especially such as arise from the Federal system and the lack of a responsible ministry, seem relatively trite, it is rather because essentially the same thing has so often been said than because what is said is not to the point.

So well does Mr. Robinson balance praise and reproof that one is continually speculating as to which party will, in the end, hold vantage of the other. He certainly does not spare his own countrymen, however graciously he may deal with their insularities and complacencies; yet none the less does he lay his finger on tender spots in the American body. It is not comforting, for example, to be told again in this day of our greatness that it is the United States, and not England, that has been isolated; that England, facing for centuries a hostile Continent and absorbed in the civilization of remote and widely scattered possessions, has failed to understand the United States, not because it was hostile to us, but because we were until lately quite outside the main current of the world's progress, and England did not need to know either what we were like or what we were doing. It is not a compliment to our intelligence as a singularly well-read and much-travelled people to be told that Englishmen are still sincerely and irrevocably attached to monarchy; that the English peerage, into whose ranks American women show such fatal readiness to marry, is not chiefly compounded of bankrupts and *roués;* that the Englishman's attitude towards women is quite as chivalrous as is that of the American; that the climate of England is at least as tolerable as that, say, of Chicago or Pittsburgh, not to mention Buffalo; or that Englishmen really have a sense of humor, notwithstanding their helplessness in the face of American dialect.

On the other hand, certain important affairs of the moment have seemed to Mr. Robinson to exhibit American fibre at its best. The painful revelations of financial crookedness and soullessness which the past few years have brought do not shake his faith in the fundamental soundness of American business life. In more than one place he points out that the great and permanent successes in the business world are not achieved by false practices, but by integrity, and that individual and corporate dishonesty passes out as economic maturity comes in. For President Roosevelt's service in stimulating the sense of private and public justice, as for his courage in attacking the evil rich, there is merited praise; and even American diplomacy, that *bête noirè* of European critics, is kindly dealt with.

No summary of leading points can do justice to Mr. Robinson's book, or go further than suggest the scope and variety of the topics on which he touches. The volume must be read to be appreciated, and it ought to be widely read and attentively pondered. As to the desirability of an Anglo-American alliance, the reviewer, pending the reappearance of the question as an issue in American politics, refrains from expressing an opinion, and the more readily because a decision at this point can in no way impair, if indeed it can affect, the worth of Mr. Robinson's general observations. That such an alliance would be vastly more natural than most political partnerships, and that it would be a mighty earnest of the world's peace, may cheerfully be admitted. But as a contribution to good understanding between two peoples whose resemblances are quite as fundamental as their differences, and who ought, therefore, whatever their formal diplomatic relations, to attack harmoniously the problems of world politics, Mr. Robinson's work is cordially welcome. If, as our author repeatedly warns us, war between the United States and Great Britain might easily break out, and with a certainty of popularity in this country wholly irrespective of the merits of the controversy; or if the United States, because of its power and aggressive activity, is itself peculiarly exposed to the fascination of foreign war, any one who, knowing the two English-speaking peoples well, helps to link them more closely in spiritual bonds, renders the execution of a more formal compact the less necessary, if not the less advisable.

Science.

THE TORRICELLI CELEBRATION AT FAENZA.

FLORENCE, September 10.

On October 15 three hundred years will have passed since, in the little town of Faenza, in the Romagna, Evangelista Torricelli was born. At an early age he showed an unusual aptitude for all mathematical and scientific studies. His youth fell in the period when Galileo was at the height of his fame and the scientist's theories on force and motion engaged Torricelli's attention. They led to his writing a treatise on the theme, which, communicated to Galileo, so excited him, blind and broken though he was, that he could not rest until brought into direct relationship with the younger man. It was decided to call Torricelli to Florence; and for three months, that

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is, until Galileo's death, the two, master and pupil, lived in the closest intimacy and exchanged their scientific views and theories. In having Torricelli to continue his work, Galileo felt that his labors would not perish with him; and when Galileo died, the Grand Duke, Ferdinand II., with that intuition for genius that distinguished the Medici, nominated Torricelli his philosopher and mathematician extraordinary in Galileo's place. For six years, until his early death at the age of thirty-nine, he filled this place, justifying the anagram of the epoch:

> En virescit Galilæus alter
> Evangelista Torricelli.

It was he who solved two questions that agitated the scientific thought of the seventeenth century—the horror of nature for a vacuum and the weight of the air. He invented the barometer, still sometimes called the Torricellian tube; he effected the quadrature of the cycloid; he discovered fundamental principles of hydromechanics; he greatly improved the telescopes and microscopes Galileo had invented. No wonder a city is proud to have given him birth. Wherefore, Faenza has inaugurated a Torricelli Exhibition to celebrate this third centenary.

This exhibition may be said to consist of two sections: a scientific and an artistic. In the scientific, careful facsimiles of those of Torricelli's instruments that have survived are shown; for Florence, which owns the originals, remembering the sad fate that overtook Volta's originals at the Exhibition of Como, where they were burned, refused to let them leave her Physical Museum. At Faenza are also shown all instruments, ancient and modern, bearing on cognate themes, including daily demonstrations of the flight of birds, and of the applicability of their methods to the flight of man. As is well known, the Italians are pastmasters in the making of instruments of precision. The delicacy of some of these appliances is marvellous to behold. It seems incredible that human hands could have shaped them. A reconstruction based on Torricelli's written instructions has been made of his famous hygrometer. Eight large diagrams lucidly set forth even to the most unlearned the value of Torricelli's chief inventions in the field of mechanics and geometry, as well as those illustrating the novel methods whereby he converted what was a malarious waste into the fertile Val di Chiana. There is, further, a large exhibit of lenses dating from early times to the more perfect present.

Many of his autograph letters and writings are on view also, as well as a most important correspondence exchanged with a French mathematician of the epoch, unearthed by chance not long ago at an antiquary's in Berlin. For years Italy has proposed to issue his collected works, a vast undertaking, which political and financial obstacles have hitherto hindered. Now these writings are about to be published.

In the artistic department Faenza has naturally remembered how she bestowed the generic name of fayence on pottery, how she is the ancient mother *ad esercitium figuli super rotam.* This second section is obviously the more popular. Here Faenza has been able to show that, as in all Italy to-day, new life pulsates in her veins; that she no longer needs to exist only on the memory of her past glories, but tries, and with success, to emulate them in the present by revived artistic energies. For Faenza has never lost the art of throwing the potter's clay; and of late years, thanks first to copying her former output, then to striking out on new lines, her wares are as much sought after and esteemed as of yore. The exhibition is housed in a number of pavilions erected of white staff and effectively decorated with inlet of pottery. One of these is devoted to the exhibit of Fratelli Minardi, the ablest Faentine potters of to-day. Besides showing what they can do in choice as well as common productions, they also show how it is done. Visitors can watch the successive processes of working the rude clay into terracotta, majolica, and porcelain. Especially interesting is the firm's own pottery museum, transplanted here for the nonce, the museum where the workmen learn to reverence and imitate the old. Here are on view authentic specimens of the *grafitti a stecco* of the fifteenth century, attractive in their primitive simplicity; the famous intense blue of Faenza; the light hued, graceful, Raffaelesque arabesques; phosphorescent metallic lustres, and all else that distinguished Faenza's wares.

Some of the exhibitors are not Faentines, though Faenza has inspired them. One of the more notable is Cacciapuoti, the Neapolitan modeller, who has abandoned all the shapes and themes traditional to majolica and created new types, casting aside the conventionalized treatments of flora and fauna, and reproducing man and beast, flower and fruit with accurate realism. More faithful to the old traditions, and to my mind more agreeable, are the labors of the Chini workshop, decorative and sober. Many of these pottery works are run by the workmen themselves on cooperative principles, presided over by some capable artist. This, too, is significant for the new Italy. A particularly interesting exhibit is that of a private gentleman who, on cleaning out a well on his estate recently, found in strata a complete collection of Faenza ware from its earliest attempts until the early nineteenth century, when the workshops were for a period but slightly productive. Many specimens are even not much broken; all serve to reconstruct the history of the industry; many are of quaint shapes and designs of which examples are lacking. Z.

The thanks of the public, and especially of scientific men, are due the Royal Society of London for undertaking the preparation of a "Subject Index" of all scientific papers published in course of the century 1800-1900. The work will comprise seventeen volumes, following the classification adopted in the "International Catalogue of Scientific Literature." The first instalment, "Pure Mathematics" (Cambridge: University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons, American agents), has just appeared. Some notion of the modern activity in this most ancient and fundamental of the sciences is evident in the fact that this volume of nearly 700 large compactly printed pages contains only abbreviated titles. The number of papers listed is 38,748; the number of journals represented is 700, a large ratio of them being devoted exclusively to mathematics. As for applied mathematics, that will compose a large part of the volumes devoted to mechanics, astronomy, and physics. In so vast an enterprise errors are unavoidable. In this case we look in vain for the *Bulletin* of the American Mathematical Society in the list of serials, though the contents of that journal are listed. The utility of the volume will be great, and will be enhanced when the twelve volumes of the "Catalogue of Authors" (1800-1883) shall be extended to 1900, a work now in course of preparation.

In June, 1907, appeared the first number of a new ornithological publication, *British Birds*, edited by H. F. Witherby and W. P. Pycraft, well-known English ornithologists. Volume I. of this periodical has just been republished in book form, with a special preface and index. The interest is not so limited as the title would indicate; for many of the articles are of general value to workers in this field of science. Among the more noteworthy articles are "Nestling Birds and Some of the Problems They Present," "Wind and Flight," "A Study of the Home Life of the Osprey," "Breeding Habits of the Red-necked Phalarope," "Wood Pigeon Diphtheria," and "Evolution of Birds' Nests." The volume is profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs from living birds.

Dr. H. Albert has just published his "Medizinisches Literatur- und Schriftsteller Vademecum, 1907-8" (Hamburg: Francke & Scheibner). It contains in alphabetical order the names of modern medical writers and their publications; a catalogue of all universities with medical faculties, together with institutes, learned societies, etc.; a list of medical journals, annual reports, etc., and medical publication houses. The author announces that in the near future he will publish a "Medizinisches Literaturlexikon."

F. Kynaston Barnes, formerly assistant constructor of the British navy and surveyor of dockyards, has died in his eighty-first year. He was the author of many papers in the Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects, one of the authors of "Shipbuilding," and joint editor for a number of years, with Lord Brassey, of

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The Naval Annual. He was also the inventor of what is known as "Barnes's method" of calculating the stability of ships, and was the designer of the Nile and the Trafalgar.

Drama.

Faust: Freely adapted from Goethe's Dramatic Poem by Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

In adapting "Faust" to the English stage, our authors have had to face not only the ordinary difficulties of the translator, but also the task of contracting a huge amorphous poem into a single unified play. It is true that the second difficulty has lightened the first. Their necessary and avowed freedom in handling the material has made it easier to avoid the awkward half-translations that commonly leave such work neither quite one language nor the other. In mere style and rhythm and facility Messrs. Phillips and Carr (though in these matters we presume the work to be almost entirely Mr. Phillips's) have thus been able to produce the best version in English of Goethe's work. The very opening of the Prologue with the chorus of the archangels—

> The sun his ancient music makes,
> Rolling amid the rival spheres;
> Still his predestined course he takes
> In thunder speed throughout the years—

compares favorably with Shelley's translation, chiefly because Shelley vitiated the rhythm with the excessive romantic *enjambement* affected by his school. And from these stanzas to the conclusion of the drama we have not observed a single line that does not read as if thought and word had sprung together in the same writer's mind. This is not to say, of course, that the power of Goethe has passed into his imitators. The hardest task of a translator is to preserve the full effect of the original while using the same economy of means. Almost always it seems necessary in transferring an idea or emotion from one tongue to another to elaborate the medium; and Mr. Phillips has not always risen superior to this difficulty. Thus Goethe's famous line,

> Die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder!

must take on the sentimental epithet "old" and a needless metaphor:

> The old tear starts! Earth has her child again.

Yet if the simplicity of the original is lost, there is still no specific mark of translation; the idea might very well have been originally so expressed by an English poet. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Phillips's originality is even too marked. It is a kind of betrayal—*traduttore, traditore*—to father upon Goethe such purely Phillipsian modes as

> Man writhes to glory, but through pain of error. . . .

or

> Pure from the world, and pacing lawns of peace. . . .

or

> And fevered Chaos with his blistering stars.

The condensation and adaptation of the poem to a workable drama have been skilfully managed, though not always to our taste. It was to be expected that the writer of "Ulysses" and "Nero" would take full advantage of the spectacular opportunities of "Faust," and, in fact, mechanical changes were required in the theatre in which Beerbohm Tree stages the play, in order to accommodate Mr. Phillips's exuberant vision. Even the Brocken scene has not frightened him; rather, he has developed it so as to exhaust all the resources of stage thunder, calcium lights, and flying scenery. There is a little too much of this sort of hocus-pocus in the original, but description of melodramatic landscape and actual representation are two different things, and the excess of Mr. Phillips's phantasmagoria will almost certainly detract from the seriousness of the play.

The human interest for these spectacular effects is furnished by Faust's philosophical despair and his seduction of Gretchen. The translators have apparently felt the incongruity of these two motives, and have sought to introduce a balance by cutting down the first scenes to a rapid summary of Faust's doubt, his vain call upon the Earth-Spirit, the inspiration of the Easter choruses, the sudden appearance of Mephistopheles after a direct call upon the Spirit of Chaos and Evil (more suggestive of Marlowe than of Goethe), the signing of the compact, and the dialogue with Wagner. The scenes in Auerbach's Keller and without the walls are shrewdly brought together, and the character of Valentine emphasized. Dramatically, the most important addition is the part played by the Witch. In the cave scene, for the goblet that restores Faust to youth she exacts of Mephistopheles a promise of payment to be settled on Walpurgis night. When that night arrives Mephistopheles calls on the Witch to evoke before Faust visions of beauty which will wean him of his remorse for Margaret:

> *Witch.* Master, pay me then!
> 'Twas on the Brocken I should claim my fee;
> So stood our bargain.
> *Mephistopheles.* Would'st thou threaten me?
> I'll pay thee naught till I shall pay thee all.
> *Witch.* [Aside.] Then ere night ends I'll earn my fee in full,
> And trick thee with a vision fair and foul
> That shall affright ye both.
>
> [*The vision of Helen of Troy is gradually revealed.*]
>
> *Chorus.*
> Once more upon the purple main
> That scudding sail doth bear her home,
> Troy's cindered towns are fired again,
> And flare across the crimsoned foam.
> *Mephistopheles.* See how they press around her, all her train,
> She for whose lips the world was drenched in blood,
> Yet note that changeless beauty bears no trace
> Of all her countless slain.
> *Faust.* Helen?
> *Mephistopheles.* Ay, Helen,
> My loyal subject Queen who shattered Troy,
> And dyed the Ægean with a Tyrian stain.
> *Faust.* Draw closer, closer, till I touch those lips.
> *Mephistopheles.* Nay! wait awhile! I know an Orient bough
> Whereon there hangs a riper, ruddier fruit
> Embrowned by Egypt's sun. Lead on, sweet hag!
> The feast is not half served.
> *Witch.* [From her cauldron.] Nay, Sire, there is more,
> As thou shalt learn before the cauldron cools.

The vision of Cleopatra follows, and after that Messalina, and then the witch's revenge—"During the Chorus the lonely figure of Margaret is revealed with chains about her wrists, her dead child lying at her feet." And Faust, at that sight, breaks the spell of false beauty and of wit:

> Those eyes are turned upon me! Margaret, stay!
> Across the gulf of Hell I'll fly to thee.
> Go, bear me to that prison where she lies,
> Her anguish is my anguish, all her sin
> Is mine to suffer, aye, or mine to cure.

It is an effective scene, made out of the spoils of Goethe's Walpurgisnacht (with echoes from the second part of "Faust") Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," and Shakespeare's "Macbeth." It has its justification also in so far as it brings some dramatic unity into the plot. There is a confusion of motives in the new play, as there is in the original; but the Brocken scene gives emphasis to Faust's sin as a betrayal of the emotions, and to his salvation as the result of following the same emotions through to self-abnegation, and thus introduces a kind of completeness into the action of the First Part without the long evolution of the Second Part. It is a curious point, showing how the translators were led to adopt this by dramatic instinct rather than by philosophical grasp of the subject, that, in the famous speech of Faust to Margaret on the nature of God, they should obscure, or practically omit, Goethe's climax: "Gefühl ist Alles—feeling is all." That is the romantic clue which Goethe lost in later parts of the play, and only partly recovered in the final deification of the *Ewig-Weibliche*. The thesis is something more than disputable, but once given, should be maintained. It is regrettable that the present adapters have thought it necessary to conclude the

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prison scene with a spectacular exhibition (rather cheaply put together from the conclusion of the Second Part) of Margaret in heaven, with Faust borne upward by angels to her feet. We think the Devil has some right on his side when he exclaims—and his words close the drama—against Goethe and against Messrs. Phillips and Carr:

I will the evil, I achieve the good.

For, after all, Faust's salvation was cheaply won.

Upon the stately mausoleum raised by the followers of Delia Bacon over the remains of the sonneteering Lord Verulam, author of the "Novum Organum," "Maxims of the Law," "Romeo and Juliet," and other trifles, G. G. Greenwood lays a new brick in the form of a handsome stout volume entitled "The Shakespeare Problem Restated" (John Lane Co.). Himself a lawyer and an M.P., Mr. Greenwood naturally feels great respect for opinions from the bench; the authorities which he cites most gravely are those eminent English scholars Judge Webb, Judge Holmes, and Judge Stotsenburg. With something of legal astuteness he writes from the outset "Shakespeare" when he is speaking of the dramatist and "Shakspere" when he is speaking of the man from Stratford. With the artful iteration of De Foe in establishing the apparition of Mrs. Veal he constantly refers to "Shakspere" as a thieving, illiterate rustic, and to "Shakespeare" as a man of profound learning and polite culture. In every contemporary reference to the genius of "Shakespeare" he detects a covert wink—half London seems to have conspired to keep Bacon's great secret. Ben Jonson was in it; otherwise it is impossible to reconcile his conversations with Drummond and his lines prefixed to the First Folio. Occasionally Mr. Greenwood is a little too literal-minded; quoting Jonson's lines to the effect that he would not as Chaucer, Spenser, or Beaumont to move over to make room in their monument for Shakespeare, Mr. Greenwood says this "was very sensible on Jonson's part, seeing that Shakespeare was not buried in Westminster Abbey, as Basse seems to have thought he was, or was to be, for otherwise there is no sense in his allusions." From this point of view there was no sense in them anyway; for how could the poet expect Chaucer, Spenser, or Beaumont to move, being, as they indubitably were, dead? But on the whole, we do not see why this book should be treated with the petulance and temper of which Mr. Greenwood complains in the "Stratfordians." It must have been good fun to write—no labors are pleasanter than those of the amateur scholar—and approached in suitable mood, it is certainly good fun to read. Furthermore, if the Baconians were not lured on by the "Great Mystery" they might know even less about Shakespeare and his friends than they actually do. Finally, this book is more or less valuable as a specimen of a myth in the making.

Not much is to be said in favor of "The Fighting Hope," by William J. Hurlbut, which was presented in the Stuyvesant Theatre on Tuesday evening. It is difficult to understand how a manager of David Belasco's experience and professed artistic ambitions could have discerned any solid merit in a piece so crude and violent, both in conception and execution. He was attracted, perhaps, by the theme—the possibility of a man being both rich and honest—which doubtless is not devoid of contemporaneous significance or point; but not much is to be gained by an illustration at once so pretentious and feeble. Actually the piece is ordinary melodrama, made up of the usual ingredients of sentiment and sensation, but so unskilfully compounded that the thrills and the pathos fail equally to produce illusion. Small respect is paid to reason or likelihood, and by neglecting these, two or three isolated situations are secured which indisputably possess a degree of stage effectiveness for unsophisticated spectators; and it is upon the support of this somewhat numerous body that the piece must depend. Miss Blanche Bates plays the central character with considerable melodramatic, but not much sympathetic, power.

The most important incident of the week in New York for intelligent playgoers will be the presentation of Percy Mackaye's new comedy, "Mater," in the Savoy Theatre, on Friday afternoon. In the present instance, he has laid aside—only temporarily, let us hope—all poetic pretension and written a modern play in simple prose. His story deals with the political ambitions of a young man and the effect of his mother's influence upon his efforts to realize them. The mother will be played by Isabel Irving, and other leading characters have been assigned to Charles A. Stephenson, John Junior, and Frederick Lewis.

The New German Theatre in this city will be opened in October with Wildenbruch's "Die Rabensteinerin," a play which will be seen later in English under the title "The Executioner." Later Emanuel Reicher, a prominent German interpreter of Ibsen, will be seen at this house in "Rosmersholm," "The Master Builder," and "John Gabriel Borkman."

The German Theatre, in Irving Place, will open under its new director, Otto Weil, on October 1, with "Husarenfieber," a comedy by Kadelburg and Skowronnek, which in the last two seasons has made the round of the important theatres in Germany and Austria.

It is evident that the inherent improbabilities in the story of W. J. Locke's "Idols" are even more difficult of acceptance when offered upon the stage than they are in the book. The piece, made by the author and Roy Horniman, which has just been produced in the London Garrick Theatre, appears to be nothing better than lurid sentimental melodrama. That the trial scene, very well managed, provides a strong theatrical effect, or rather a series of effects, which is likely to attract the crowd, all critics seem agreed.

Wilfred T. Coleby's new play, in which Miss Lena Ashwell makes her reappearance at the London Kingsway, on October 9, bears the somewhat enigmatical title "The Swayboat." The cast includes Miss Kate Rorke, Mrs. Frances Ivor, and Norman McKinnel.

Music.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its twenty-eighth season in Boston with a public rehearsal on October 9, and a concert on October 10. It will give twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts in Boston; ten concerts in New York; eight in Cambridge; five each in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; three each in Providence and Hartford; and one each in Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Columbus, and Rochester. The dates of the Thursday evening concerts in New York are November 5, December 3, January 7, February 18, and March 18; the dates of the Saturday matinées, November 7, December 5, January 9, February 20, and March 20.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra will give only four concerts this season at Carnegie Hall, on November 12, December 10, January 14, and February 11. Among the soloists engaged are Mischa Elman and Alexander Petschnikoff, the Russian violinists, and Josef Lhévinne, the pianist.

Paderewski will arrive in this country in January, and will make, all told, about thirty appearances, about half of them with orchestras. He will play seven or eight times with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the only orchestra with which he will play in the East. He will play also with the Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul orchestras, and probably with others. He will give not more than one recital in each of the cities he visits, and his tour will be confined to the larger cities east of the Mississippi. He will bring with him his symphony, of which so much is expected. It was promised for two years ago, but was not finished. According to an agreement of long standing, it will have its very first production in Boston by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Remarkably ambitious are the plans of the "Volksoper," which competes in Vienna with the Imperial Opera. In addition to Lortzing and Mozart cycles, there are to be three series of performances illustrating the development of German, Italian, and French opera. There will also be performed at the Volksoper no fewer than eight operas new to the Viennese: Isidore de Lara's "Messalina," Leo Blech's "Versiegelt," Lafite's "Das kalte Herz," Bela von Ujj's "Der Müller und sein Kind," Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," Miualowich's "Elaine," Smetana's "Zwei Wittwen," and Dvorák's "Russalka."

From Biarritz comes the report of the death on September 20 of Pablo Sarasate, one of the master violinists of his period. He was born at Pampeluna, Spain, March 10, 1844. At an early age he went to France, and entered the Paris Conservatoire, where he became the favorite pupil of Delphin Alard, the foremost of French players, and under him gained the first prizes for solfeggio and violin. He then entered Reber's harmony class, and secured a *premier accessit* in 1859; but soon after relinquished the study of composition for the more tempting career of concert player. His beautiful tone, named "pure gold" for its unequalled quality, his retentive memory and brilliant execution, added to the singularity of his

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appearance, insured his success in Paris, the French provinces, and the Peninsula. The Spaniards naturally honored an artist who was their own countryman, but Sarasate was ambitious for world honors, and after making his way through Europe, from the remotest corner of Portugal to Norway, and from London to Moscow, he visited America, North and South. Everywhere his triumph was complete. His répertoire was varied, and included the works of both classics and moderns. Among the latter his favorites were Max Bruch, Saint-Saëns, and Lalo.

Art.

THE CASE OF ENGLISH PAINTING.

If a picture dealer were asked what was the most important event of the last fifteen years, he would say the revival of the early English school. After a period of relative neglect the canvases of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney have led the market. Even the mezzotints after their portraits bring hundreds of pounds; and the portraits of Raeburn and Lawrence keep commercial pace with those of the leaders of the school. Meanwhile criticism has confirmed the taste of the market-place. We have had such definitive studies as Sir Walter Armstrong's biographies of the famous portraitists and of Turner, and as C. J. Holmes's "Constable," not to mention a host of minor English works or the often suggestive contributions of French and German critics. And if one needed additional testimony to the popularity of the school it might be found in the abundance of forgeries in the salesrooms.

In view of this popularity, the critic might ask first; What is there in us that craves the English school of painting? Next: Are these pictures worthy of this admiration? But before attempting an answer we must get rid of the fiction of a unitary English school. Sweeping aside the abortive beginnings of mediæval miniaturists, the imported face painters from Holbein to Kneller, and the Tudor and Jacobean offshoots from Dutch portraiture, the English school as a subject of general significance begins with Hogarth and presents at least three widely different aspects: First we have Hogarth himself, whether in genre or portraiture, a Briton of the Britons. Nothing connects him with the group whom he disdainfully called the "portrait manufacturers." For strangely unlike reasons, he is as isolated as Blake. The time was too finical to accept his raciness except as humble folk found it made for edification. The second group consists of the elegant portraitists under the leadership, acknowledged or unacknowledged, of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is they that have so completely imposed themselves upon modern taste that when one cites the English school without qualification, they are meant. The third group would include the landscapists from Gainsborough and Richard Wilson to Constable and Turner. Here, evidently, would be need of reclassification into fantastic and realistic painters, with Turner and Constable as the contrasting types. Within this classification we have only two really contentious points, Sir Joshua and Turner. No one, I think, will deny the importance of Hogarth and Constable, though naturally their rating on an European scale is still tentative. But on what we think of Sir Joshua, the most conservative of portrait painters, and of Turner, the most anarchical of landscapists, depends our whole attitude towards the English school. In fact, pretty much everything pivots on Sir Joshua. If he was not a great painter, great as measured with the greatest, then the English school of painting sinks into relative insignificance, and the task of criticism is to detect the few isolated geniuses that flourished in spite of unfavorable surroundings. A thoughtful German critic, Julius Meier-Graefe,* brings at least clear convictions on this matter. He asserts, and gives ingenious reasons for his opinion, that no English painters deserve the name of great except Hogarth and Constable.

Whistler, it will be recalled, limited that distinction to the older painter. It is one of the curiosities of criticism that it has taken more than a century to discover that Hogarth was not merely a most diverting caricaturist and illustrator, but one of the finest technicians that ever held brush. For lightness and brilliancy of execution The Shrimp Girl is a marvel worthy to hang by The Gypsy of Frans Hals. And the English portrait is far more significant, being a vivid generalization of the London lass—an epitome of an entire level of a civilization. The more sober portraits, such as that of himself with a bulldog and of his sister, need fear no company. One may pass from them in the National Gallery, to Moroni, Champaigne, Bellini, or even Jan van Eyck, without taking back a whit of the first enthusiasm. Again, the little narrative series, particularly Marriage à la Mode, are models of the painter's craft. Before one begins to be interested in the anecdote, one is captured by the beauty of the scene as such—the proportions and airiness of the interiors, the harmonious disposition of the numerous figures, the pervading charm of a color gay, rich, and masterfully applied with a full and accurate brush. And yet these pictures are, to boot, among the world's best illustrations, considered merely as graphic narratives. The originality and the extent of his accomplishment can hardly be overestimated. The history of art finds few parallels for it. In a single lifetime he compassed pretty much everything that Dutch art, excluding Rembrandt, effected in the three generations from Old Brueghel to Terburg. He is as racy of London as Albrecht Dürer of Nuremburg.

It is a temptation to follow Meier-Graefe in using Hogarth as a club for Sir Joshua, but a president of the Royal Academy, an admirable, great gentleman, a most resourceful and influential painter, deserves to be freed from painful comparisons. On the plus side there is much to be said for Sir Joshua. Technically, he had talent enough for three or four great painters, as such reputo went in his time. We may not complain that he drank a little from many cups: from Rembrandt and Correggio, even more from Van Dyck and Van Dyck's greater model, Titian. But, when all is said, his brush has a sparkle and felicity all its own. His workmanship is extraordinarily varied. He understands the heavy falls of satins, and the buoyancy of filmy scarves. He commands a peculiarly vibrating crimson, and invents a delicious silvery blue in flesh tones. Only the very greatest executants have excelled him in freshness and variety of his method. Why, then, isn't he a great painter?

"Sir Joshua had everything but humanity," writes Meier-Graefe, and, properly interpreted, this seems to strike the cardinal defect of his art. Why does a likeness of a great lady by Sir Joshua fetch ten times the price of that of her spouse, painted at the same time, and presumably with equal ability? Because it is prettier, of course. A good reason and a bad one. Even trade makes no such childish distinction between the "fine and superfine" of Titian, Rubens, or Velasquez. The prettiness of Sir Joshua represents, unhappily, no discerning study of the individual woman. He has not had the patience or the capacity to catch the gesture and expression that are hers and hers alone. Instead he sees an obvious picturesque (not pictorial, mind you) opportunity in the graceful creature, poses her, and begins to paint. Then his ingenuity

**William Hogarth.* Von Julius Meier-Graefe. [Klassische Illustratoren, No. 2.] Munich and Leipzig: R. Piper & Co.

Die Grossen Engländer. Von Julius Meier-Graefe. Munich and Leipzig: R. Piper & Co.

These well printed and illustrated volumes abound in critical ideas agreeably and trenchantly expressed. Many critics will disagree with Herr Meier-Graefe in his particular judgments. We find, for example, his attitude towards Turner on the whole grudging, and his strictures upon Whistler's portrait of his mother curiously sophistical. But he always gives his reasons and conducts his arguments with persuasive dignity. The two books constitute a survey of the main figures in British painting from Hogarth to Constable, with Whistler—is he really of the English, or of any school?—thrown in for good measure. Many readers will regret the omissions, but this collection of essays should not be judged as a manual. Constable occupies the lion's share of the space, and we have read nothing better about him.

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comes to the rescue of the theme. Its colors gleam in shadow, its golden whites fairly glow. Vague trees repeat the swing of the slender figure, vaguer park contours reinforce her crooked finger—like slow music emphasizing the pathos of a melodrama. The result is infinitely seductive. It requires a severe resolution to withstand so appealing a falsity. Yet it remains a concocted thing, a thing never conceived pictorially. Sir Joshua *quâ* artist is a great showman, and little more. Like a clever theatrical manager, he knows the points of his figurantes—not their real points, but those that will strike the crowd when glimpsed beyond a gilded frame. If you would know the difference between a dazzling confection and a real portrait, pass from a Sir Joshua to a Bronzino. Even a Nattier will do, for, with a far smaller gift, he took his frivolous world seriously, and his work has documentary value. Sir Joshua's is deceptive at nearly every point. Yes, he lacked humanity. There is more real femininity in the little canvas by Gainsborough of his two daughters, in a mere sketch of a girl's head by Constable which hangs near at South Kensington, than in Sir Joshua's entire *œuvre*. "His gowns are so fine," says Meier-Graefe, "that one would gladly own them without the woman."

Unless we have done Sir Joshua grave injustice, how little there is to say for the Opies, Beecheys, Coteses, Hoppners; for the sentimentalist Romney, with his slender gift as a painter; for the specious superficialities of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, had it not been for the abysses of high Victorian portraiture, would seem the very negation of sound and fine painting! The syrupy current of the age was almost irresistible. Yet there is Raeburn, a fine, austere workman, a conscientious observer. With no pretensions whatever to greatness, his modest excellence need not fear the best company. He is real. So, of course, is Gainsborough, and criticism of his work remains one of the most delicate of problems. He is charming enough to make the inspired homilist John Ruskin forget both himself and his principles. He is prettier than Sir Joshua, but with a prettiness long meditated and transformed into beauty. With the amiable shortcomings of the amateur, which he always remained at heart, he had the amateur's refined audacities. He painted what seems beyond paint. These are not pictures, one is tempted to say, but the fragrance of so many English women and Suffolk landscapes. To ask whether he be great or not may seem a superfluous and injurious question. Instead of trying to answer it, then, let me ask one or two others that should be clarifying. In the great gallery at Hertford House, where hang, also, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Hals, do his admittedly greatest portraits seem a little thin? Do we unconsciously associate him, not with our admirations, but with our affections for such painters as Lorenzo Lotto or Moretto of Brescia? Finally, is not his peculiar aroma conveyed by certain pictures still more thoughtfully conceived and exquisitely painted by one Watteau? Possibly these are unfair questions. Let us admit, instead, how poor the courtly school of England would seem without the gracious presence of this poet-painter. Again, in landscape Gainsborough has a place all his own. Admit the obvious conventionality of his arrangements—always the bright central space shading out into surrounding shadow—concede the small range of his palette, his formulas for trees and rocks, and he remains one of the most interesting figures of the century. Only Canaletto and Guardi, whom we may fairly reckon with the landscapists, seem plainly his superiors. His mood is unique. There breathes a poetry through his best landscapes that relates him with Corot. The confrontation is instructive and a little damaging for Gainsborough. We note once more the difference between the inspired amateur and the trained artist.

How say anything just about Turner? He provokes not admirations, but passions. He worked in an atmosphere of mystification. Then came Ruskin to cloud the whole issue by lauding as a humble realist the greatest fantastic of his time, and one of the most impressive of all times. There were several Turners, and none of them is negligible: Turner the faithful, rather timid portraitist of English landscape; Turner the stupendous delineator of the "Liber Studiorum"; Turner the magical creator of the panoramic vignettes in watercolor; Turner the too conscious emulator of the classicalities of Claude; finally, the reallest of all, Turner the sun-worshipper. Though this imposing and varied metempsychosis, he was always progressing. His brush learned new audacities, his palette rejected all colors less transparent than those of the sky and clouds. No landscape painter before him, and few since, have amassed such extravagance of technical means, such knowledge of the possibilities of glazed, broken, or juxtaposed colors. His painting is still, in spite of the damage most of his canvases have suffered, a sort of repertory of impossibilities fairly compassed. Yet as time goes by and his discoveries become part of the common stock, it is possible that Turner may come to seem, as he did to his contemporaries, more bizarre and portentous than great. The material and the energy of greatness were unquestionably in him, but he never attained the culture and self-restraint that usually accompany great craftsmanship. His sense of ends was ever deficient. One perceives his lack of centrality in the casualness of his compositions, in his tendency to spoil fine pictures by introducing too many objects. He seldom knew when to let a painting alone. Such masterpieces as the Fighting Temeraire and Rain, Steam, and Speed are exceptional. In his remote dusty house he seems to have encouraged a sort of youthful autointoxication at an age when the great masters have learned the wisdom of renunciation. Claude, with the paucity of his technical resources and his anæmic workmanship is unquestionably both the greater soul and the greater artist. Yet Turner needs no regrets, even if there is a certain pathos in the dispersion and frequent stultification of his great abilities. It should be glory enough for him, when most of his painting has perished, and the remnant looks as odd as most Victorian sublimities are surely doomed to look—it will be glory enough for Turner to have it said that he was a mighty conqueror and subjected to the art of painting the recalcitrant kingdoms of the air.

The most central figure in the art of the last century was a miller's son, who rarely left his native Suffolk, finding material for a busy lifework in a few square miles of meadow, coppice, and river. He marked even more curiously the sun-shot and water-soaked clouds—the constant element of novelty in this apparent monotony. Concerning himself little with the work or opinion of others, he produced with joyous patience an infinity of oil sketches which constitute a prophecy of all the possibilities of landscape painting, and numerous large pictures which are a sort of standard for the normal practice of this art. No one could be more single-minded than John Constable, more sturdily English. No air of a genius or citizen of the world was his. His accomplishment was so unobtrusively fine that an age keyed up to Lawrence and Turner barely heeded it. But across the water certain striving young Frenchmen saw that it was the earnest of a new art. Constable's position and peculiar excellences are so thoroughly understood at last, even in his England, that a comprehensive criticism would be superfluous. Let us say that he is a painter's painter, as Spenser is a poet's poet. In both there are *longueurs* and occasional monotonies that repel one who approaches these artists with romantic expectancies. With Spenser you must give yourself willingly to the verse, and with Constable, too, unless you perceive the extraordinary beauty of his handling, you will come off ill. Except Hogarth, he is about the only English painter who felt in paint strongly and habitually. Others mastered it for purposes of display, but he, so pale was his life otherwise, found in the manipulation of the brush his chief emotional outlet. He depended upon no exceptional or hallucinatory moods. Na-

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ture found him always ready to pay her homage with a beautiful arrangement of lines, masses, and textures, and the instinct to color a canvas richly at once drove him back to her, the great collaborator. His paint has an Ariel-like gleam and iridescence, but it flows at the bidding of a master intelligence that has formulated true symbols, and simple ones for complicated and baffling appearances. We have to use a term that has become cant—he effected a true synthesis. When he sketches a thicket, his method is not that of a nurseryman, but of a god. You see no bushes planted, but from the first stroke of the brush a mass of paint that is beginning to mean thicket to the eye. Constable is the Masaccio of landscape painting, an epitome of sound practice, as Turner is of alluring and rather dubious *tours-de-force*. It will be years yet before the value of his painting as a school can be fully absorbed and exhausted. Even the impressionists have gone much less far beyond him than it seems. His ultimate position as an artist it seems foolish to predict. It is possible that, like many pioneers, his fame may remain while his work dwindles a little. We are now in the flush of rediscovery. Perhaps the future may hold that he painted no landscapes quite so fine and satisfying as a half-dozen by Rousseau. If so, the defect will be rather national than personal. No English painter of the time, and especially no painter of landscape, could conceivably command the architectonic sense that presupposes a long artistic tradition. If posterity judges Rousseau at his rare best, possibly the smaller historic figure, but the greater artist, it will be Poussin that makes the difference. In composition Constable seems merely adequate, and sooner or later his painting will have to compete with landscapes that in this cardinal point are superlative.

About Blake, I should rather say nothing. No moderate statement of his merits can possibly content either the worshippers or the mockers. For England he seems to me a profoundly significant and valuable figure. His life is an eloquent protest against a kind of half-commercial snobbism that has been the bane of British art. As a decorative book illustrator, his achievement is prodigious. "Songs of Innocence" and the Prophetic Books go far to redeem artistically the entire Georgian age. Yet imagine a representative group of Blake's finest designs transferred to the Louvre or the Uffizi, and I fear that, as their eccentricity increased, their impressiveness would diminish. In fact, to be a convinced visionary and to invent a new grammar of expression are rôles quite incompatible. One cannot make a Michelangelo in a single lifetime. Such an apparition implies a previous Giotto, Masaccio, and Signorelli. Blake's rupture with his age, then, if personally commendable, became as much his weakness as his strength. He has the untutored sublimities and tendernesses of some preacher in the wilderness. There is something divine in his imperfection. But to deny imperfection would be absurd.

It is evidently too early to estimate the worth of the Pre-Raphaelites and of Watts. They still mean so much to us, that we cannot hope to set them advisedly in a just historic perspective. Unless I have gravely misunderstood the painters briefly considered in this essay, we should be very cautious, if we would use the measured language of criticism, in speaking of great painters in England. Hogarth, and more doubtfully Constable, alone seem to deserve this distinction. But happily we find many delightful talents, and an occasional genius so great that we are little inclined to dwell upon its blemishes.

One might ask why a nation that has been prolific in every other kind of genius should have produced so little in the graphic and plastic arts? Why should England, with on the whole greater enlightenment and prosperity, and an evidently greater stock of talent, fall behind Holland and Spain in this regard? Of course, any real answer to such a question would involve another essay. Here I may say that the causes seem complex. Undoubtedly, the break with the Middle Ages through the Reformation counts for much. Yet it may be doubted if the English Middle Ages gave any great promise of a developed art. Art after Tudor times never corresponded to the taste or needs of England generally. From the first the English painter of parts had hard work to be his own master. Unsustained by the popular enthusiasm that made Italian painting, he was forced to minister to the fixed and narrow tastes of lordly patrons. From the houses of Stuart and Hanover little salutary was to be expected. Furthermore, the English artist was dazzled by the success of the imported court painters from Van Dyck down, and tempted not to live as an artist, but as a great merchant whose staple happened to be his own pictures. There was too rarely any steadying effect from public commissions for mural painting. In the absence of such opportunities the inducement was great to stick to paying portraiture, or to venture only in the field of obvious anecdote, or facile patriotism. English art in short was corrupted at its sources, being ever an object of luxury, a perfunctory appurtenance of wealth and social state. To-day the attitude of the English patron towards art has not been one of humility but of pride, and this complacency has been so tyrannical that many great talents have given the pathetic spectacle of gladly condescending to delight the casual curiosity of the least artistic people in the world. While these conditions, which show some signs of generalizing themselves in our new plutocratic civilization, hold in England, sporadic manifestations of genius in painting may fairly be expected, but nothing like a great and consecutive art.

M.

Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower (Hammerfield, Penshurst, Kent) requests the loan of letters referring to John Flaxman, whose life he is writing.

Museums have not yet solved their problem as the libraries have, within a generation, solved theirs. They commonly come to contain so many things that they are visited mainly as collections, as shows *en masse*, and but little for the sake of the separate object. The trees are not seen for the forest; yet the trees are the things worth seeing. Every aid in breaking up this habit of gallery visiting and in forming the habit of object visiting is to be welcomed. Such has always been the avowed purpose of the Handbook of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, of which a third edition has just been issued. This purpose explains the novel form of the book, which is not a running account of galleries or collections or arts with occasional illustrations—but a series of notes, from a sentence to a page long, generally bearing upon an individual object illustrated on the same page or opposite. That this method responds to a latent wish among those who make most use of such literature has been indicated by the praise the book has received. Hitherto it has had no imitators, but they are surely to be expected and invited. In the present edition the book preserves its attractive and compact form—about the size of a Baedeker and equally easy to consult.

In the restoration of Santa Croce, Florence, triforium windows, one with the original glass, have been discovered and will be reopened. The roof has been redecorated after the old design, and tests here and there on the side walls have shown that they were once entirely covered with fresco paintings. A more important change is the taking down of Donatello's statue of St. Louis from the niche which it has occupied for fifty years. Originally it stood high on the façade, and was little thought of. Vasari writes that Donatello, being reproached with its blockishness, answered: "It was done on purpose, for he being a king was a blockhead to become a friar." The anecdote may be true. If so, it was the artist's little joke, for the St. Louis turns out to be one of Donatello's most serene creations—a thing quite worthy to stand beside the beautiful Annunciation in this church. The St. Louis will be set up in a good light in the sacristy.

A well preserved fresco by Tiepolo, on an allegorical subject, has been discovered under the ceiling of the Palazzo Grassi in Venice.

Excavations in the island of Cephalonia have resulted in the discovery of no less than thirty-two tombs of the "Mycenæan" period, containing terra-cotta vases, bronze nails, weapons, and some gold ornaments.

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Further excavations are contemplated in other parts of the island.

Paris is to have another art society, the Société internationale de la Gravure originale en Noir, whose first Salon will be given November 25, at 43 Boulevard Malesherbes.

A fire on September 17 in McCoy Hall of Johns Hopkins University destroyed, among other things, a valuable collection of papyri and archæological specimens from Thebes and Memphis, and seriously damaged a Roman and Hellenic collection, which included Roman jewels from Herculaneum.

Giovanni Fattori, the animal and battle painter, has died at Florence, in his eighty-fourth year.

Finance.

THE "ELECTION SCARE" ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

That the often-predicted and long-delayed "election scare" has arrived on the Stock Exchange, has been unanimously admitted since last week Tuesday. In the intervening period, declines of 5 points or more in prices have been numerous. Taking the five stocks on which activity has converged throughout the season, the decline of the week ran to 14 points in St. Paul, 12 in Great Northern, 16½ in Reading, 13¾ in Southern Pacific, and 18 in Union Pacific. For the heavy selling which accompanied this break, no other reason was assigned in Wall Street than an "election scare."

Now, it is true that so abrupt a discovery of its own state of mind by the Stock Exchange has in it something of the artificial. The performance is not in all respects convincing when, during three weeks or more, a market with its hand on its own pulse asks mildly, "Am I frightened?" answers with some perplexity, "Apparently I am not," and then, of a sudden, cries out to the surrounding observers, "Aha! At last I am alarmed." One must admit that this is not exactly the way in which acute misgiving usually manifests itself. But, on the other hand, it has been a matter of constant comment, since the nominations in early summer, that the absence, not only of actual political misgivings, but of any spirit of financial caution looking to a possible turn of events in Mr. Bryan's favor, was something unusual in the markets of a Presidential year. There were no "political scares" in 1904 or 1892, because every well-informed man knew what was bound to happen; there was none in 1888, because the financial community was equally willing to see either candidate elected. But 1900 saw the September stock market upset by repeated "scares" regarding the possible success of Mr. Bryan, and in the prevalent doubt on the very eve of the November vote, money went up to 25 per cent. because lenders did not wish to take chances. The 1896 campaign was marked by a prolonged and excessively violent "election scare" on the Stock Exchange, with an overwhelming drop in prices up to the middle of August, and with an unbroken succession of reports, from the Middle West particularly, that Bryan was "making unexpected inroads" on the Republican preserves, and that the East was "indulging in foolish overconfidence." The visitor from Iowa, Illinois, or Ohio, who had found every man that he met in those localities about to vote for Bryan, was a daily factor in the affairs of Wall Street. On the day before election, call money rose in the Stock Exchange to 96 per cent., and a long line formed before the Sub-Treasury's redemption window to get gold for legal tender notes. These were no doubt occasions when an issue of the greatest magnitude was at stake in the campaign; nobody knew into what condition our finances would be plunged if Bryan were elected. But "election scares" were not confined to years of the currency dispute. Even the really prosperous year 1880 was marked by a sweeping break of 10 to 25 per cent. in prices, which did not end until the "October elections" in the doubtful States—an institution since abolished—removed all doubt regarding the national election.

Precedent, in other words, favored a season of election scares this year. Yet not only did no scare occur until last week, but in the main prices were pushed higher and higher, quite as if no sign of political uncertainty existed. It was the vote of Maine, in its State election of last Monday, which apparently woke the market up. That Maine should have performed this office was not in all respects surprising. It is true, as any political expert will inform inquirers, that Maine's "September vote" in a Presidential year is no such faithful forecast as Vermont's; that Maine went against the Republican State ticket two months before the sweeping Republican victory of 1880, and gave a "record" Republican plurality in the year of Mr. Cleveland's first election. All this was true, and was announced before last Monday's vote. But the news that the Maine Republican plurality had fallen to 7,700, as against 27,000 in September, 1904, and 12,500 even in the vote before Mr. Cleveland's second election, was startling. Explanations that the "local option" plank of the Maine Democratic platform did the job, and reminders that Vermont's plurality of 29,000 was well above the line which favored Democratic chances, failed to silence the popular inference. The "election scare" began. If the Maine plurality had not so unexpectedly provoked it, something else would certainly have done so—the "Foraker letters," for example, which did, in fact, have much to do with the severity of the break in prices.

Now that politics has been fairly injected as a disturbing influence into the autumn markets, it is in order to inquire, first, how much if any further the depression incident to the scare should go; next, what would happen in the conceivable event of Mr. Bryan's election. Neither question admits of a ready answer. The stock market, taken by itself, has so confirmed a habit of "discounting" once and for all its expectations, that one might expect the process of readjustment to the new doubts and misgivings to be soon accomplished. Precisely as evidence that "Bryan's strength is underestimated" was pressed upon the market at its recent high figures, so a severe decline is rather likely to be followed by testimony that we have been overestimating this strength. If this were not to happen—if testimony to a "growing Bryan movement" were to increase rather than diminish—then there will be considerable anxious scanning of the financial horizon between now and November.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Charles F. Physics for Secondary Schools. American Book Co. $1.20.

Adventures of a Nice Young Man. By Aix. Duffield. $1.50.

Altsheler, Joseph A. The Forest Runners: A Story of the Great War Trail in Early Kentucky. Appleton. $1.50.

Andrews, Eliza Francis. The War Time Journal of a Georgia Girl 1864-1865. Appleton. $2.50 net.

Arnold, Hans. Fritz auf Ferien. Edited by May Thomas. American Book Co. 30 cts.

Bailey, L. H., and Coleman, Walter M. First Course in Biology. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Bailey, L. H. The State and the Farmer. Macmillan.

Barbour, Ralph Henry. Forward Pass: A Story of the "New Football." Appleton. $1.50.

Belgium. Painted by Amédée Forestier; Text by George W. T. Omond. Macmillan. $6 net.

Bindloss, Harold. Long Odds. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

Bruce, H. Addington. Historic Ghosts and Ghost Hunters. Moffat. $1.25 net.

Brudno, Ezra S. The Tether. Lippincott.

Campbell, R. J. Thursday Mornings at the City Temple. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Camp, Walter. The Substitute: A Football Story. Appleton. $1.50.

Financial.

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Channing, Edward. History of the United States. Vol. II. A Century of Colonial History, 1660-1760. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Children's Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3.

Clark, L. Pierce. Neurological and Mental Diagnosis: A Manual of Methods. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Conversationaliste Français, Le. For helping to teach French. Philadelphia: Edward Roth.

Duncan, Norman. Every Man for Himself. Harper.

Dwiggins, Clare Victor. Toasts. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 35 cents.

Eddy, Arthur Jerome. Ganton & Co.: A Story of Chicago Commercial and Social Life. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Egerton, Hugh E. Historical Geography of the British Colonies. Vol. V. Canada—Part II. Historical. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Ellis, Edward S. Arizona Series: Off the Reservation; Trailing Geronimo; The Round Up. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

Ellis, Edward S. Fire, Snow and Water or Life in the Lone Land. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents.

Ellis, Edward S. The Phantom Auto. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents.

Enriquez, Rafael De Zayas. Porfirio Díaz. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Fiction Catalog. A Selected List Cataloged by Author and Title with Annotations. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.

Forbes-Lindsay, C. H. Daniel Boone, Backwoodsman. Lippincott.

Frank, Henry. Mastery of Mind in the Making of a Man. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.00.

Freemantle, Elizabeth. The One and I. Philadephia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

Frenssen, Gustav. Peter Moor's Journey to Southwest Africa. Translated by Margaret May Ward. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Great American Lawyers: History of the Legal Profession in America. Vol. I. Edited by William Draper Lewis. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

Grubb, Edward Authority and the Light Within. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 80 cents net.

Handbook of the Museum of Fine Arts. Boston.

Hanus, Paul R. Beginnings in Industrial Education and other Educational Discussions. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XIX. Cambridge: Harvard University.

Herbert Auberon. The Voluntaryist Creed. Henry Frowde.

Hurlburt's Handy Bible Encyclopedia. Edited by Jesse Lyman Hurlburt. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $3.

Hurlburt, Jesse Lyman, Editor. Lives of Our Presidents; Stories of Great Americans; Story of Jesus. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents each.

International Encyclopædia of Prose and Poetical Quotations from the Literature of the World. By William S. Walsh. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $5.

Ives, Ella Gilbert. Out-Door Music: Songs of Birds, Trees, Flowers, The Road, Love, Religion. Boston: Arakelyan Press.

Johnson, Hugh S. Williams of West Point. Appleton. $1.50.

Jones, Arthur Gordon. Amazing Adventures of an Inventor: Being a Partial Account of the Life of Alfred Ingleson, Esq., the American Nonpareil. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.50.

Jones, Clarence Miller. From Rime to Reason, or The Great San Francisco Earthquake Rhythmically, Orchestically, and Logically Considered. Privately Printed.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila. The Tramping Methodist. London: George Bell & Sons.

Kennedy, Sara Beaumont. Told in a Little Boy's Pocket. Moffat. 75 cents.

King, Henry Churchill. The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life. The Nathaniel William Taylor Lectures. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Kingsley, Florence Morse. And So They Were Married. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.

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